

Catholic Digest

25¢

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 8

JUNE, 1944

No. 8

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The immense blessings bestowed by the divine mercy upon the Christian people confer upon it an inestimable dignity. There is not, nor ever was, a nation so great that has gods so high as our God is present to us. For the only-begotten Son of God, wishing to make us partakers of His divinity, took upon Himself our nature, that being made man He might make men gods.

St. Thomas Aquinas in *Matins for Corpus Christi*.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The Padre and the Song

Characters, setting O.K.; dialogue phony

By FRANK SCULLY

Condensed from *Variety**

We caught the Padre, whose official billing is Capt. William S. Maguire, U.S.N., officiating at the Baptism of Timothy John Ford, son of Ens. Patrick Ford, grandson of Comdr. John Ford. Col. Frank Capra was in on the deal some place. Maybe as a godfather. Maureen O'Hara was in there, too. Maybe as a godmother.

But our interest was in Padre Maguire, fugitive from one of the craziest song-plugging stunts in the history of Tin Pan Alley. If what we've uncovered solves that *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition* enigma, Scully nominates himself for the Pulitzer prize of 1944.

Padre Maguire never had a chance to learn how fast a song-plugger can shoot. Born in Hornellsville, N. Y., educated at Seton Hall, N. J., and Louvain, Belgium, he joined the Navy in 1917 and hasn't been out of uniform since. He tells about his labors as a Navy chaplain in his books, *The Captain*

Wears a Cross and Rig for Church.

Up to Pearl Harbor, he hadn't had much traffic with show people. He had met Jack Ford in Honolulu in 1930. Ford was then an ace Fox director, and George O'Brien, Fox star, introduced them. The Padre didn't get the Ford name. He thought it was Forbes. In fact, as a standing gag he calls him Forbes to this day.

While Ford and Pennick were shooting *December the 7th* at Pearl Harbor the Padre got an invitation to be piped into the NBC Catholic Hour from Hawaii. Ford told the Padre he'd like to hear him read his piece before he went on the air. So the Padre began to read it and felt he was doing pretty well until Ford suddenly shouted, "Ham it up!"

The Padre didn't know exactly what Ford meant until the director (who really ranked below the Padre) decided to lavish a million dollars worth of his peacetime talent on him. Obvious-

*154 W. 46th St., New York City, 19. March 29, 1944.

ly, the Padre underacted, a failing not common in Hollywood even among preachers.

That was the Padre's first contact with show business. From there on the captain really wore a cross! He was ordered to the mainland later and invited to go on the air with Nelson Eddy. "It was a trying ordeal but I believe I was more tired than nervous."

The nervousness came later. Comdr. A. Jack Bolton, the Navy's public-relations officer for the Los Angeles district, asked the Padre to take part in a radio dramatization of some incidents in his career. (He had got the Navy Cross for rescuing three gobs from drowning off the French coast as far back as the first World War.) After the show the producer introduced him and his niece to Kay Kyser, who invited them to view his Kollege of Musical Knowledge, which was to follow. Before the show began Kyser invited the Padre's 16-year-old niece on the stage to assist him. She found it great fun and the Padre did, too, until in the middle of the program Kyser made a speech. "Students," he said, "we have in the studio tonight, Father Maguire, the chaplain who was at Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7. He left his altar, grabbed a gun, and fired at the Japs, yelling, 'Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!'"

The mike was too far away for the Padre to nip the story that raced around the world. The next day the Los Angeles Times ran a story with the head: "Chaplain-Gunner Tells of Pearl Harbor Attack." The Times reporter had by-passed Commander Bolton's office

of public relations. So had Kay Kyser. So, for that matter, had Frank Loesser, who wrote the song describing a Navy chaplain as "a son-of-a-gun of a gunner."

From there on out, it was a routine Hollywood chase. Fact never did catch up to fiction. It was not particularly important that the twain ever should meet, either, except that there happened to be a Geneva Convention which classified chaplains as noncombatants; and Japan and the U. S. had signed it. The Japs had plenty of U. S. chaplains as prisoners of war and were only waiting for a chance to give it to them as they were to everybody, from our pilots down. So it was important that the truth be told.

"I called on Rear Admiral Ralston," says the Padre, "and gave him an account of the ridiculous shenanigans. But the story only helped to plug the war song." The March of Time moved in. Quartets of chefs sang the song to him on trains. *Life* gave him a cover. It put the Padre on an awful spot, and his superiors were struggling to take him off it. But the public preferred to believe the song pluggers. They preferred to "ham it up!"

What of the truth? Well, the Sunday work sheet of the *California* carried this item: "0745. Rig for Church." That meant that at 7:45 Padre Maguire would say Mass aboard the *California*—or by nine o'clock, anyway, allowing an hour for the rigging, confessions, and so forth. But the Japs got there first.

The Padre had left the dock of the

Officers' Club in a motorboat when he saw the red sun of a Jap plane shoot a torpedo into the side of the *Oklahoma*. From that moment the harbor was an inferno of steel killers, bombs, explosions, and sudden death.

All he remembers saying was: "God help us, we're in it!"

From that moment and for the next several hours, the Padre was all over, helping move the wounded, hearing confessions on vessels under fire. He really put in a day. But all he remembers saying was "God help us, we're in it!" And how many of us have even that one up?



Blood Bank

Commando Kelly has come home to Pittsburgh on furlough, and today is Sullivan day at the Red Cross blood bank in honor of the five Sullivan brothers who went down with the fighting ship *Juneau*; in honor also of their magnificent mother who, when word was brought to her, replied to questioners with the shattering question, "Our Lord also had five wounds, hadn't He?"

I think offhand of Colin Kelly and Butch O'Hare and Commander Shea and Admiral Callaghan, and of the fact that there are so many Kellys in the Army that for a while nobody seemed to be sure which one had been awarded our country's highest honor, the Congressional Medal of Honor; and I imagine that I might be pardoned for smiling at the arguments over the neutrality of the Irish.

It occurs to me, too, that, according to the planned Parenthood propaganda, which seems to me, however sincere, completely fallacious, the Sullivans and the Kellys are precisely the kind of "poor" people who shouldn't be having so many babies. Apparently we should leave that sort of thing to the barbarians like the Japanese, so that in the end they may enslave us, rather than that we should convert and educate them.

Nor would I limit my observations to the Irish. If you will walk through any section where the birth controllers (peering from their limousines) say there are too many children, and examine the service flags, you will discover that we and everything we hold dear are being defended largely by the sons and daughters of men and women who thought, in their awful innocence and common sense, that a family was more important than social success, and that there wasn't much point in having a home if there was to be nobody to live in it.

And if all the Sullivans in Allegheny county, or even half of them, go to the blood bank today, they will help to save a great many lives; but they could hardly do it if they had never lived themselves.

Joseph A. Breig in the Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph (12 April '44)

Erin Revisited

By IAN ROSS MACFARLANE

Scuttling the scuttlebutt

Condensed from the Brooklyn *Tablet**

After taking a "gander" at this tiny island I have come to the conclusion that Eire has a better right to the title God's Country than any place I have ever visited. This is not only because of its beauty but also because of the tremendous faith of the people in the will of God.

I know a lot has been written; yet, strangely enough, I notice myself disagreeing violently with most of it. Perhaps I may not have had the opportunity of meeting the "right people." I have tried mighty hard to cover all angles.

I didn't travel first class and I didn't stop in the big hotels. I spent a couple of nights in cottages, did a bit of walking and a bit of riding in jaunting cars, and, before the ban on private automobiles became effective, was even lucky enough to get in a few miles in an old jalopy.

I believe I met a pretty good cross section of the people. I have taken a good many bottles of stout in a good many pubs; shared my luncheons on trains, swapped tobacco, sang *Margie*, *Carolina Moon* and other standbys with the Irish troops as we rode from Cork to Mallow; talked with Anglicized Irish landed gentry, Protestant clergymen and many Catholic priests; and had a few powwows with the rank and file as well as the leaders of the

I.R.A. I came to a lot of conclusions; take them for what they are worth:

The Irish, that is those of the 26 counties, are 99.04% behind the "Keep Out of War" program; or, perhaps, it might be better to say that the government is doing the bidding of that percentage of the population in maintaining its present policy. The majority are definitely neutral. I have found but a scant few, isolated pro-Hitlerites. On the other hand, I have found an almost unanimous sympathy for the sufferings of the blitzed women and children of England. There are, of course, many who believe that Britain is getting a taste of the same medicine it has given to Eire and so many other places in the none-too-distant past.

It has been said that Eire is tranquil and indifferent. The first is true. Tranquillity means peace, but peace does not mean indifference. The Irish most assuredly are tranquil; tranquil because they feel they have made their peace with their Maker and His will be done, but one can hardly say that a nation is indifferent even to its own future, let alone to the future of the world, after one has seen the tremendous concentrations of prayer that emanate everywhere from all walks of life. I saw 1,400 children saying their Rosary for peace. I have been privileged to peep into dimly lit convent chapels where

*1 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, 17, N. Y. March 25, 1944.

the cloistered nuns, with bowed heads, knelt before the altars for hours upon end praying for peace. This hardly smacks of indifference.

There is an interesting thing about the movies over here. While they are a bit old, what I like about them is the fact that they are real movies, not propaganda. I have been surprised not to see a single German-made film during all my meanderings.

The radio, which is state controlled, strikes me as being very similar to the B.B.C. In fact, from the tone not only of the announcers' voices, but of the news bulletins themselves, a stranger would certainly believe he were listening to it. Yet the station is exceptionally fair. German, Italian, and Japanese communiques are given equal recognition with the bulletins of the United Nations.

There is an acute shortage of petroleum and coal, as well as tea and flour. It is common gossip that the British Board of Trade, at the beginning of the war urged Eire to tie up her economy with theirs, Britain working on the theory that one big hauler could do the job of satisfying the British Isles more satisfactorily and much cheaper than could two separate units. This sounded logical to the Dublin powers-that-be and they accepted the terms that were offered them.

Bit by bit, Britain cut down the supplies, regardless of the fact that she had assured Eire such curtailments would not be made. The result has been that only 25% of the prewar imports of tea, Eire's national beverage, are now com-

ing in. Of course, one can say that the English had not even sufficient tea for their own use, so why should the Irish have it? Well, the Irish feel a promise is a promise, and as there are only 3 million odd in all of Eire, a 5% reduction in the British tea ration would have maintained Eire at 100%.

Eire's imports of a black substance, which resembles coal, have been decreased tremendously; but boy, oh boy, what quality! I'll bet there is hardly a slag pile left around a pithead in Wales. It has all been shipped to Eire! I speak of this "coal" or "what you will" from personal experience. I have been stuck on a railway three times in the past month while the fireman on the locomotive had to dump his fire and remove the slag. New fires would then have to be built with turf and blocks of beachwood. The wise fireman kept using this mixture rather than again risk smothering it with bogus coal. It strikes me as rather silly for Britain to be doing this. It doesn't help to heal old wounds.

Flour is running short for the same reason as tea. However, I must say that the Irish are producing a whole-wheat bread that is just about the tastiest morsel into which I have ever sunk the old molars—and smothered with good Kerry butter it almost becomes a desert. For health's sake it hasn't been and can't be beat!

I suppose you would like to know how the Irish feel toward the U. S. A. Well, they feel pretty disappointed. They have had a peculiar faith in us, and they were disappointed when

America sent troops to Northern Ireland, thus openly recognizing the rights of a tiny minority to break away politically from the nation as a whole.

According to the Irish understanding of democracy, "majorities rule, but respect rights of minorities," but in this independent six-county unit a "minority rules and does not respect the wishes of the majority." I have done my best to explain to those delightful people that it is my personal opinion that we Americans would be the last people in all the world to bring any more pain to their long-suffering country.

Of course they differ, as do all citizens of pure democracies, on domestic questions. Members of the I.R.A. might be called radicals because they differ so from their former leaders, but only on things domestic. They will defend their homeland against invasion from any quarter with as much fervor as anyone. The I.R.A. is not composed of hoodlums reincarnated under the banner of the old I.R.A., as some persons have depicted them. On the contrary, they have carried on in one continuously unbroken line down through the years the burning idealism which broke into flame that sad Easter Monday in 1916.

Eamon De Valera, the angular, bespectacled, God-fearing *taoiseach* (leader), was described to me by a prominent member of the I.R.A. who had fought by his side in the old days, as a "man to whom he had once attributed 'Christ-like virtues.'" Today this same man professes bitter disagreement with De Valera, but with such a basic im-

pression of a fellow man it is quite obvious that De Valera will have his trust and faith.

I have noticed some amazing improvements. Modern schools have been erected throughout the country. Highways have been improved. Slums have been cleared and many new state-originated housing projects are now in operation. The general tenor of isolated villages has been raised. Paved streets and sidewalks have been put in and village pride is a consequence. Mortared-up cornices that were tumbling down, rethatched roofs, painted doors and sills, re-whitewashed buildings, sometimes even painted deliriously bright colors, have become the order of the new Eire. The Compulsory Tillage Act of a year ago has compelled landowners to turn certain ground over to the production of vegetables. This employs more men and it helps make the country more self-sustaining.

De Valera has done a mighty good job. When you realize how threadbare the fabric of Irish culture had been worn by the time this American-born Celtic Castilian came into power, and compare it to the sturdy national cloth of today, you are forced to admit that De Valera is just about the best weaver in the world. Certainly he has done more with less than anyone else. Perhaps it is because he is so straightforward, perhaps because he is one of the few politicians who does not make a grandstand play of going to church. He goes quietly and asks for, and apparently receives, God's blessing on his work.

In a personal interview of an hour and a half, I found Mr. De Valera to be a regular guy with a keen sense of humor, as well as an equally keen ability to analyze world problems. He should have a prominent place at the peace conference. His ideas are not revolutionary; rather, they are four-square, honest, and logical and should appeal to both capitalist and laborite, imperialist and socialist. I may say that De Valera does not appear to harbor any blind hatred of Britain.

One of the most interesting places in Eire is just outside the "Treaty City" of Limerick. It is the River Shannon power plant, which supplies current to the 26 counties. It was built by a German engineering company. Due to the many stories about German personnel, I visited it. O'Connells and Kellys and Dooleys were predominant names—and thicker brogues I didn't encounter anywhere. Strange, isn't it, how baseless most rumors prove to be?

One most startling change was the definite absence of the clergy from all public places. I questioned many and gleaned a most enlightening slant on the new Eire. In the old days it was vital that Ireland should be led both spiritually and politically by those best qualified through integrity, learning, and wisdom. The priesthood was the only "natural" for this job. Now that Ireland is free to rule itself, the priests are spiritual leaders only, leaving to the Irish laity the job of guiding Eire's temporal destiny. It was the highly respected and greatly revered 81-year-old Cardinal McRory who told me this.

He expressed with utmost candor his faith in the ability of the Dail Eireann to effectively serve God and people.

There is a delightful modesty about Irish womanhood that bespeaks an underlying purity and piety, noble in its simplicity. This does not mitigate against their being vivacious and sparkling social companions, and when it comes to dancing, they can stay right in there with our own girls.

Anti-Semitism is at a low ebb. My well-known attitude as a protagonist of Zionism acts as an open-sesame, and thus I gathered genuine opinions from Goldbergs, Cohens and Weingreens who speak with a delightful brogue. "Why this heartfelt tolerance?" do you ask? A Limerick Jew gave me the best answer. He said, "De Valera is a real Christian, standing atop of a Constitution whose fundamental laws are based upon those of God."

My conclusion forces me to entreat Americans not to break faith with the Irish. I know there is all this talk about the necessity of our having use of Eire's ports and of the ousting of Axis diplomats, but certainly if we follow God's law, with justice to all, we are going to win in the end—if we don't, or try to compromise with it, we are going to take a licking.

There is hardly a man I have met who would not do anything to stop this awful struggle. To me the way seems so easy. One side or the other must be in the right. To whichever side proves its worthiness before the Prince of Peace, the victory of peace and happiness will come.

Soya: the Wonder Bean

By F. S. PEW

Condensed from the *New Review**

The soy or soya bean, *Glycine hispida*, is one of the oldest crops grown by man. It is one of the sacred plants of China, where it has been cultivated more than 5,000 years and still forms an important food. It is ground and hydrogenated into a vegetable lard, the oil extracted, and the caked residue is re-ground and used as food for man and beast. It is a source of the "milk" supply of the Mongol, the safeguard against famine, and the country's "coin of the realm."

Cultivation in the Far East is concentrated within two regions in eastern China, Japan, Korea, inner Mongolia and the three provinces of Manchuria where the wild form, *Glycine soya*, is still found as a creeper. The credit for realizing the value of the bean belongs to the Japanese. Previous to 1907 trade in the soybeans was confined to China and Japan, with Manchuria as the base. It was not until the Newchwang railway brought the interior of Manchuria into communication with the sea that it became known outside the Far East. Upon the close of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 trial shipments came westward, sent by Japanese firms in the hope of finding a market for the huge stocks which had been grown to supply wartime needs.

Japan is a large consumer of the Manchurian bean, although cultivation

of the plant occupies an important part of her own agricultural pursuits. Large quantities are imported for oil extraction, fertilizer, and cattle feed. Being a leguminous plant, the roots have as symbionts nitrogen-fixing bacteria which enrich the soil. Japan grows the bean mainly for the grain, and her home-grown bean, considered superior to the imported, is used exclusively for food.

Use of the soybean as food is a fine art in Japan. It appears daily in Japanese homes in innumerable dishes in endless variety, and is eaten by rich and poor alike. For the poorer classes it forms a principal source of protein. The beans are powdered for use in soups; they are picked green and cooked, or served as cold salads; and the matured bean is used as an ingredient in numerous fermented food products. The dried bean is soaked in salt water and roasted, and, in the absence of animal milk, it provides a vegetable milk used extensively throughout the Far East. As the bean contains little starch it is made into bread for diabetic and rheumatic sufferers. The oil is consumed in the crude state by the poor, but is boiled and clarified by the rich.

One reason Manchuria has become of such enormous importance to Japan is the urgent need of commanding cheap and ready food for her increas-

Oriental staff of life

*5 Dharamtala St., Calcutta, India. February, 1944.

ing population. Manchuria has gold, coal, iron and other minerals; but the real reason is the soybean. Japan invested heavily in Manchurian mills, with an eye also to large exports.

The advance of the soybean in world trade is a remarkable phenomenon of modern times. Thirty years ago it was almost unknown outside the Far East. Now it holds a firmly established position among the imports of practically all European countries. Huge quantities are imported for oil extraction, and steady trade is carried on in re-export of by-products.

The first successful shipments from the East were made in 1907 and, as an important source of vegetable oils, the beans soon found a market in English mills. Soapmakers began to use the oil. For a few years England ruled the soybean market, partly because the bean was tax free, whereas France, Italy, and others had to pay duty. When its economic importance was recognized, the removal of the impost in other countries was not long delayed, and when the Continent and North America entered the lists, England lost the monopoly.

The soybean was introduced into the U. S. about 1804, but serious experiments in cultivation started only in 1908, when it soon became established mainly as a forage crop. After the first World War, it began to attain commercial importance, due chiefly to the development of the oil-extracting industry. It is now a crop of great importance, and the U. S. supplies her own mills with thousands of tons of

domestic-grown beans annually. The extensive data to be found on soybeans today is a tribute to work carried out in U. S. laboratories. In 1931, 15 million bushels, approximately 400,000 tons, were gathered. In the same year American-grown beans were exported for the first time to Europe, chiefly Germany. The beans were considered superior to those from Manchuria. It appears to be only a matter of time before the U. S. will be in a position to compete with the Far East. The enormous tonnage required by the European markets is continuous. Germany buys more than a million tons of beans annually, but she purchases on the basis of protein content. Her soybean meal is expected to reach 46% protein level. U. S. beans contain 35 to 36%, the Manchurian variety 35 to 38%, and Ford's beans in England, 46.26%.

The plant is an erect, bushy, leguminous annual with woody stem ranging from two to three feet high, according to variety, sometimes reaching six feet. It has tiny mauve or white papilionaceous flowers, borne in axillary clusters, and self pollinated. They appear first at the base of the main stem and progress towards the top, the same order obtaining on the branches. The period of flowering is comparatively short, usually about three weeks. The sickle-shaped pods, up to four inches long, appear in groups of three or four and contain from two to four seeds each. The seeds are round or elliptical, and may be brown, black, yellow, or various combinations of those colors.

A good, full-grown specimen is a

mass of pods ranged in groups one above the other. The leaves are usually trifoliate, but variations occur, and the stem and pods are covered with fine hairs, harsh to the touch. As full maturity approaches, the leaves turn yellow and fall, leaving the plant bare except for its load of pods. The plant grows upright, and the branches, in-

stead of growing equally around the stem as with most plants, are developed in one plane like the fingers on a hand. This habit has been fixed through the centuries by the Chinese. Varieties are numerous and in the U. S. alone more than 2,000 distinct types, ranging in maturity from 75 to 200 days, are grown.



Shamrocks at Anzio

Irish troops wearing shamrocks were in action against the Germans at Anzio on St. Patrick's day.

General Alexander presented shamrocks to the Irish Guards, and shamrocks were also distributed among Irish units with the 5th Army in Italy. In a personal message the G.O.C. of a British infantry division expressed his confidence that by next St. Patrick's day the men would be home, victorious.

Writing in the *Daily Express*, Patrick (Spike) Hughes said, "The population of Eire is a little less than 3 million. Since 1939 more than 200,000 Eireann citizens have volunteered for service with the British forces.

"Of these 200,000 more than 160 have won decorations for gallantry in action—including six V.C.'s, 10 George Medals, 36 D.F.C.'s, 17 M.C.'s—decorations won by men like Captain Fegan of the *Jervis Bay*, Lieutenant Commander Esmond, Flying Officer D. E. Garland (first R.A.F. pilot to win the V.C. this war), Lance Corporal Kenneally of the Irish Guards, Lieutenant Irvine-Andrews, Paddy Finucane.

And there are 300,000 anonymous Irish civilian workers building airfields and at other war work in Great Britain and Northern Ireland—2500 alone work at a Home Counties factory.

It has been a great war for the Irish, without ever mentioning the thousands of Irish-Americans in the U.S. Army or the hundreds of Southerners in the Civil Service who have been working here since years before the war.

The *Glasgow Observer* (24 March '44).

Plea for Freedom

Profile of the beast

By GEORGES BERNANOS

Condensed from a book*

I would not like to irritate readers who are nonbelievers by talking about the Devil, but after all journalists and heads of State do not hesitate often to refer to him under the designation "Evil," the "Forces of Evil"; why should I be more fearful than they? It seems to be universally assumed that the Devil is the Spirit of Rebellion, an opinion very heartily welcomed by the Conservatives, since it permits them to cast all malcontents into Hell and promote all policemen to Heaven.

That the Devil did rebel I do not deny. But I know of no proof that he has conceived the notion of seducing men in the same fashion as he seduced the Angels. Experience goes to show, rather, that he considers it less easy to lead us astray through the Spirit of Rebellion than to debase us through the Spirit of Servitude, and that, far from proposing to raise us to the Satanic dignity of Rebel Angels, his clear-seeing hatred contemplates forcing us down to the level of beasts.

If such an hypothesis scandalizes you, so much the worse. For, in short, among the few sinners, the very few, whom Christ damned in the Gospels, do you find many rebels, many disturbers of the peace? The only ones I can recall were conformists, people enslaved in a faith without generosity, a discipline without love. Love, that is

the final word. Only a free man can love.

I do not assert that Mr. Hitler is Antichrist. Were he such, I am afraid he would have betrayed the Devil, for he has brought Freedom to rebirth in a new baptism, he has washed it and purified it in the blood of the martyrs. Until recently, the moment you used the word *martyr*, the Pharisees shook their heads and the Doctors of the Law rushed into their libraries to get hold of their Dictionary of Distinctions. But we are no longer dealing with speculative controversy, nor with compromises capable of salving at once the oppressor and the oppressed. Those who are dying, do they die in vain?

If the god of Europe does not yet dare to make his servants worship him, he openly demands that they totally give themselves to him, and this fantastic demand already seems quite natural to a great number of silly fools. It is no longer pertinent to answer with pompous phrases; the kind of benefaction for which we are from now on indebted to Mr. Hitler is that he threw the compromisers out of a job and reduced the whole world to silence. That this silence will soon be broken no one doubts. The blood which now flows is perhaps still the blood merely of men of good will, but that of the saints will intermingle with it; and when once the

*Plea for Liberty. 1944. Pantheon Books, Inc., New York City, 12. 272 pp. \$3.

streams mix, nothing can again shatter the unity of all the martyrs.

It is not Society which today is in the greatest peril, but rather man, and assuredly it has always been thus. But such a truth finds few to preach it, for the defense of Society certainly pays better dividends than the defense of Man. In short, man is not made to live alone, and the strayed members of the flock invariably end by coming back to it. Whereas if man one day sacrifices the rights of the Person to some Collectivity, he will never find them again, for that collectivity will unceasingly grow in power and material efficiency.

Oh! I know what your reply will be. You will tell me that the democratic Collectivity will never make any attempt against the sacred rights of the Person. Forgive me, but how can I be sure of any such thing? Why should not the majority tomorrow impose upon me its own moral code, if mine stands in the way of its profits? I freely grant that there exists a sort of traditional democratic religion in which freedom of thought, for instance, remains an essential dogma. But a democracy without a religion, provided it observes the rules of the game and abides by the decisions of universal suffrage, would all the same remain a democracy, would it not?

The free man has but one enemy, the Pagan State, by whatever name it may be called, and be it embodied in the person of a tyrant or hidden deep in the thick of the sensual and cowardly mob. Against its material power we can accomplish nothing: it already reg-

ulates our toil and our lives. Modern economic organization has wonderfully favored its growth, and the vast activities of war have placed the whole economic machine under its control. Out of all that the State has taken, we know it will return nothing, or else will return only a shadow, without substance.

And what is more, I am ashamed to talk about this god as though he existed by himself, when he is no more than the horrible sum total of all our ignorance, our lazinesses, our poltroonery, our fears and our greeds. Men who seek to unload upon the collectivity any of their own duties or the risks they should themselves take condemn themselves to abandoning to it their rights as well. Even today, confronted with the greatest catastrophes in all history, you hardly ever hear these wretches say that they will tomorrow force themselves to change, that they will become better. Not themselves do they dream of reforming, but rather the Constitution, the State. They hope at length to discover a miraculous system of law, which shall be just and reasonable without their having to be just and reasonable, which will allow them to stay as they are, to enrich themselves and have a good time, not only without risk, but without remorse.

They will continue to wax fat at the expense of the wretched poor, but in its asylums the State will take care of the poor devils they have ruined. They will procreate children, but the State will pay for prenatal care, will pay for the lying in, will pay for the wet nurse,

will pension the brat off and will decorate his progenitors. Or else they will refuse to procreate, and the State will pay someone or other to do the job in their stead. They will chop down trees, dry up wells, poison rivers, but the Collectivity will assume the cost of reforesting, will build reservoirs and huge hatcheries for the artificial insemination of fish. In short, they would practice all the vices, but the State would guarantee them against the evil consequences; they would lay waste, in their eagerness for profits, all the riches of the earth; but thanks to a trifling tax levied against their dividends, that Magician the State would reestablish these riches at the end of every quarter. Under such circumstances it would be as difficult to halt the State in its career toward omnipotence as it would be to halt these craven creatures in their stampede toward slavery, for these two phenomena, I repeat, are but one. But at least we have it within our power to refuse to bend the knee and to offer sacrifice to the gods of the Community, as our ancestors refused 2,000 years ago.

Free men, you who at this instant are dying and whose names, even, we do not know; free men who die alone, between walls naked and ashenly pale; free men, who die without friends and without a priest to shrive you, your poor eyes still full of the vivid memories of a beloved home; free men who, during the last brief steps you take between the prison and the ditch which awaits your bodies, feel the sweat of a night of agony chill upon your shoul-

ders; free men who die with a shout of defiance; and you, also, who die weeping—you, oh! you, who bitterly ask yourselves whether you do not die in vain—the sigh which is exhaled from your lungs shredded by bullets is heard by no one, but this feeble little sigh is the sigh of the Spirit.

I am not here resorting to the lingo of a pulpit orator or of a neo-Catholic poet; I am stating an assured truth, as simple as two and two make four. Free men, a great multitude among you would be most surprised to learn that they are marching in the vanguard of Christianity, that God hurls them forward to clear the path. And were I to tell these men so, to their faces, perhaps they would reply with blasphemies, for the word *Christian* is to them only an equivocal word, to which lay claim, and by which are justified, all forms of servitude, extending from that of complacency to that of complicity, from the treason of the foresworn to the submission of the cowardly. We know that such Christians exist, we also know that they continue powerful and prosperous in the Church until the day when, believing they have at last won all, they lose all.

Nor is that a bit of rhetoric either! For the drama of the Gospel is repeated, century by century, with marvelous precision. God does not choose the same men to watch over His Word and to fulfill it. If pious gentlemen and ladies would only make these necessary distinctions, they would much better understand the history of the Church; they would be astonished at nothing;

rather they would rejoice at the silence of the doctors and the casuists, for when those mighty personages talk too loud, it is consciences which no longer are heard; the commentaries smother the original text. Moreover it isn't very important whether the Scribes define Christian Man in one fashion or another, with the purpose of calming Caesar and postponing as much as possible the hour of the ultimate show-down. What matters is to know exactly what Christian Man is. For there is a prototype of Christian Man, and that prototype is consecrated by the Church herself; it is the Saint. The Saints are the army of the Church.

The Church at arms—that means the Church standing upright, with the Saints in the lead. It is true that the Church only springs to her feet at the last moment—which amounts to saying that she only fights with her back to the wall, when it has become impossible for her to move back even so much as an inch, because she would then at one fell blow lose the Spiritual and the Temporal, Appearance and Reality, Virtues and worldly Status, Heaven and Earth.

Do you understand? When the spirit of Munich seizes hold of them, I have not the least idea how far the democracies would let panic push them, whereas History teaches me the precise point at which, come what may, the Church will have to stand firm. For she can let slacken the bond which ties her to the Saints, but she cannot allow it to be severed without being condemned to death. And you are welcome to conjure

up some laughable notion of what the Saints are; I tell you—I, I tell you—that there does not exist for the masters of this world any tougher nut to crack. Here are fellows who render unto Caesar what belongs to Caesar, but who would let themselves be made into mincemeat before giving him anything more than his due.

Yet it is exactly what does not belong to him that Caesar wants the most. He is very careful not to say so at the outset, and these chaps don't let themselves be drawn into arguments and compromises; they quietly and firmly place in the outstretched hand of the State what is owing to the State, they may even freely add a little tip, to make things come out even; and then that's all, they forget the whole business.

They forget, because nothing Caesar possesses could possibly arouse their cupidity. And I tell you that this polite indifference is a scandal a thousand times more harmful to Caesar's claims than all the insults and defiance of the anarchists, because it is terribly catching, because it is at once an object of emulation for noble souls and the hope and consolation of the humbled. For you would be mistaken in believing that here I am talking only about the Saints on the Calendar. There are millions of Saints in the world, known only to God, and who in nowise deserve to be raised to the altars—a very lowly and very rough breed of saints, saints of very humble origin, who have only a single drop of sainthood in their veins, and who resemble real saints just

as an alley cat resembles some prize-winning Persian or Siamese. Usually nothing singles them out from the mass of decent people; nor do they, moreover, look upon themselves as being different from that mass; they think themselves just like all the rest; and the Church herself is careful indeed not to disabuse them in this matter, so long, at least, as she is bargaining with Caesar. She boasts to him of their obedience, their respect for established laws, their innocuous character; she even quite willingly would have them thought boobies and simpletons. Why show your hand too early in the game? She knows they exist, that they survive all scandal, all betrayals, all simonies, and that their kind, as tough as alley cats, will suddenly multiply prodigiously the moment she dares speak its language, the moment the blood of martyrs stains the soil. Already once they have hurled down the Pagan State. Have they, or haven't they? Yes or no?

For after all we don't refuse to take the "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's" in a very broad sense; we are quite willing to lend the words of the *Magnificat* that interpretation which will be the least disturbing to the Powerful; we have never claimed that the early Christians were rebels as a theologian would define rebellion; but we do ask permission to point out that they certainly seemed such to the Empire and the Empire's bureaucracy, were such in the eyes of the whole traditional and moderate tradition of the Empire. What then? However anxious one

may be not to fall from one excess into the opposite, it still is annoying to hear some fat canon talking about the Sermon on the Mount as though it were a conservative manifesto. You somehow get the impression that so distinguished a personage would get no pleasure at all from being reminded in public, at the end of an official dinner, for instance, that the first 22 Popes were judged, condemned and executed as disturbers of Order. When an Institution, were it even the most respectable of the powers that be, can number among its founders any such series of executed criminals, it seems difficult to presume that it will forever find favor among professors of Law and Civic Morality, among landlords, bailiffs and cops. Today, as was true 20 centuries ago, we are concerned to know which will win out, Justice according to Order, or Order according to Justice.

For there indeed is the knot of the argument. We are all talking about Justice, but we are not all thinking of the same Justice. Mine is that of the Gospels and I freely grant that it may seem singularly paradoxical to the Professors of Law, Political Economy and Physiology. It is upon this paradox that is based our freedom. Christianity even makes man divine. Nothing less will do to offset, in some measure, the enormous advantage which the collectivity enjoys over the Person. He who relies merely on human Order will sooner or later be chained in the ruthless law of the mammoth Community. He who awaits only the coming of the Kingdom of Man will see himself deprived

of the Kingdom of God, that is, of Justice, for the triumph of man in this world can be achieved only through a pitiless discipline; we shall enter the earthly paradise only by trampling the Poor, the Weak and the Sickly—trampling all those exalted in the Gospel of the Beatitudes.

And then, too late, it will be understood that the totalitarian regimes had only traveled the same road, in a few years, as the realist and materialist democracies were to travel in a century or two. It is altogether likely that when by chance I speak in this fashion, I become a laughingstock for the intellectual elites. I don't give a damn. I hereby inform those elites that they are not through with the demi-gods, and perhaps I shall live long enough to see them, once again, crouch at the feet of the Masters. At least may they spare me the insult of attributing to me some monstrous daydreams of clerical domination! I have not ever thought that Christianity should find its fulfillment in this vulgar form. We expect of the Church what God Himself expects: that she shape men truly free, a breed of free men peculiarly effective because freedom is for them not only a right, but an obligation, a duty, for which they must render God an accounting. If this seems to you an oversubtle distinction, so much the worse. We shall discuss it anew when the human herd, surfeited, stuffed, filled to bursting, shall bless its slavery, looking back upon its soul as a cynical old man remembers his first loves. Oh! of course the word *freedom* will not be stricken from

the dictionary, but there will be no lack of sophists to prove that, the Collectivity having once for all defined Good and Evil, he is free who obeys and he is a slave who rebels. Good God, here are theories we have already heard! They rallied the masses of German democracy to naziism. Coming from what pen, uttered by what lips will they appear anew tomorrow?

You ask large returns from freedom: all I expect therefrom is honor. Suppose freedom were for me, for me as a Christian, the wellspring of numberless evils, the honor which it affords me would be dearer than life itself, because it is the honor of the God Whom I serve, Who wishes to be served by free men. And don't tell me that this metaphysical liberty in no sense interests the Collectivity, that it would gladly turn this liberty over to my use. For the collectivity would sooner or later demand it of us, in the name of the general interest, of Economics, of Science, or of something or other. It would require it of us because the increasingly greater means at the disposal of the community finally will make a sheer madhouse out of its old, old dream of a gregarious civilization, because we shall never enter into its hives, because we shall never recognize, without all-important reservations, the "law of the species." Oh! of course we know exactly how little powerful we are; we thoroughly understand that the elite are a mighty parade compared to our despised battalions. Scarcely do the elites know that we exist, and surely enough they will never give us the slight credit we de-

serve except under circumstances which the scientists call desperate.

Desperate, however, for them alone! For the desperation of the Wise marks for us the beginning of promise and hope. It is a token for us that the Enemy of the world has broken through our trenches, that the defenses which we were not allowed to touch, because they were not ours, have just been broken and shattered. The fight which we were forbidden to fight now summons us. Alas! I beg pardon for using, now that I can, such warlike talk, of the same sort as preachers use to excite bigots, but what can I do? However incredible it may seem, it is precisely true for us to say that we hold ourselves responsible, the only ones responsible, we Christians, for human freedom, because we are responsible therefor to God Himself. We are not responsible, and mark my word, for the Rights of Man, but for the principle of legitima-

cy on which they are based. You hold principles cheap, and I know it; you freely replace them with symbols; but the time comes when those symbols have no more worth than bank notes at the end of a period of inflation. The Kings of France, from the 12th century on, were mighty lords. And yet what, in 1429, remained to the Dauphin Charles? Neither his judges nor his men-at-arms nor his clerics could possibly have given him back what he had lost. But with her quiet good sense, the wise little child from Lorraine understood perfectly how to begin the business; contrary to the will even of the Churchmen, she insisted that the first step was to make this young prince into a consecrated king. When man shall have lost everything, we shall also demand for him, regardless of everything, the oils to make him divine; we shall make ready for him the way to his anointment.



As first played in the U.S., five cards dealt from a 20-card pack, poker is undoubtedly the Persian game of *As Nas*. The French settlers in Louisiana in the early 19th century learned it from Persian sailors. At once noticing the similarity between certain combinations of the new Eastern game and their own *poque*, the French preferred to adopt the new manner of play but under their old title. Shortly afterwards southern gentlemen, ignorant of the French pronunciation, referred to the game as "po-keh." The northerners then took it for granted that this pronunciation was only the result of their neighbors' drawl. Consequently they called the game poker. And so the name was born, today representative of a typical American game.

There are 2,598,960 possible poker hands in a 52-card deck; and there are 1,302,540 chances of getting a hand of less value than one pair. Hands like that demand *all* bluff and sturdy constitutions!

F. Dillenbeck in the *Liguorian* (March '44).

Dedication

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Design for life at a graveside

Condensed from his column*

I attended the funeral of a soldier today. I think this evening that the burial of a young man whose life was first disrupted, then cut short, because of a duty to his country which he gladly fulfilled, gives the reasonably sensitive observer a new attitude toward war and peace. It makes him far more critical of the conduct of the war and the planning for the peace. It exhausts his patience with the quibblers, the finaglers, the spokesmen for particular interests, the promoters of personal ambitions, and all others who trifle with a crisis entailing the flower of our manhood and threatening the lives of infants in arms who will be men in arms a few years hence if genuine peace is not achieved.

This heart-rending funeral made the cost of war concrete and immediate. Really to know how costly the war is, we have to lose one of our own in this explosive turmoil; we have to see at first hand the effect on a mother of one of those breath-stopping telegrams from the War Department; or we have to be present at a soldier's funeral when the silence of a spring morning is strangely emphasized, rather than disturbed, by the sound of taps.

If we have had one of these experiences, we cannot halt there. Or even if we have had all of them, we cannot halt there. We must multiply them, by

the thousands, and only then shall we have some faint notion of the cost of the war in this country alone.

Am I saying that the war is in vain? I am not. That would not square with the facts, and it would dishonor the dead. I believe that this country was face to face with mortal peril in December, 1941. I believe that the Japanese meant their boast that they would defeat our country and dictate a humiliating peace in the White House. I also believe that the nazis, in their heyday, set no term to their campaign and planned to put themselves, by whatever means, in a position from which they could control at least the western world either by conquest or blackmail.

Perhaps I am naive, but right now I believe we went into this war to insure our very existence and conditions of existence to which we are entitled.

I honestly don't know whether or not we had a duty in justice to go to the rescue of the victims of nazi and Japanese rapine in distant places, before our own rights were violated and our security endangered. I don't think we have any obligation to keep an equitable peace the world over; nor do I think that we can do any such thing. But I do believe we have a clear, inescapable obligation to cooperate in the establishment and maintenance of a sound and durable world order.

*The Sifting Floor. In the Catholic Transcript, Hartford, Conn. April 13, 1944.

This, I recognize, involves the employment of force. But it also implies that force will implement a just settlement. It does not mean that justice will be at the mercy of force: that the strong, victorious powers can be a law unto themselves, laying down their own terms based on self-interest. If the victorious powers use the force of which they will have a monopoly at the war's end, to the detriment of the weak, I think that the war will truly have been in vain and that it will have an even more calamitous sequel. I think that the same thing will eventuate, if the victorious powers use their monopoly of power to the detriment of the weak not because they all wish to do so but at the instance of one of them.

The United Nations once believed this themselves. Representatives of two of them drew up the Atlantic Charter, which recognized the duties of justice binding even on the victors and pledged that they would be scrupulously fulfilled. The others freely accepted the

Charter as the norm of the peace.

It is easy to make noble promises in adversity; it is another thing to carry them out during triumph. There are also considerable difficulties involved in translating them into practice. Granted. But we have seen the promises qualified, hedged about, casuistically interpreted, ignored, denied, rubbed out line by line. We have seen the promises, which were, and are, the premises of something like veritable peace, either entirely scrapped or tortured into meaning something flagrantly different from their plain sense.

And all this is said to be shrewd, hard common sense. It is not. Rather, it is arrant nonsense—the abortion of peace and the conception of another monstrous war.

Coming from the grave of a young man who died in what essentially is a splendid cause, I cannot but feel that many like him will have to pay the same price in a decade or two because others failed where he did not fail.



Good Sport

In his fight with Billy Conn, Joe Louis won the hearts of the world by a spontaneous, gallant act. He had been outpointed for ten rounds, and it began to look as if Conn would win. In the 11th, Conn lost his balance, dropped his guard. Louis stood over him, his right hand cocked. His championship was at stake. It would have been a punch no one could have criticized had he let it go. But Joe stepped back, to the applause of 60,000 fans. Conn regained his balance, the two men touched gloves, and the fight went on. Two rounds later Louis knocked Conn out with a terrific clean blow to the chin.

From *13 Against the Odds* by Edwin R. Embree (Viking, 1944).

Our Friend the Earthworm

By WINIFRED HEATH

He overturns the earth

Condensed from *Our Lady's Missionary**

The earthworm has a tiny brain; he has several hearts which pump the blood to his neatly segmented body; and he is very well muscled, so he can twist and turn in every direction. His outer skin is beautiful when seen under a microscope, like a thin, shining veil of silk.

He has neither eyes nor teeth, yet, oddly enough, he can get a very good hold, and light bothers him. His mouth is a mere opening, but he can flatten his head and extend it on each side. This forms two lips, with which he grasps leaves, bits of twig or hard mud, and tiny stones, which form his food. He usually comes a little way out of his burrow at night to gather the green stuff he likes, and he uses a bit of a leaf as a door for his house in winter.

Did you ever watch a determined robin struggling with a tough and reluctant worm, and wonder how he managed to cling to his burrow? Well, the earthworm has a series of tiny bristles (*setae*) which act like feet, with which he resists eggression by hanging onto his burrow walls.

His burrow is remarkable, for it is made smooth and hard with cement formed in his own body. In fact, besides being a walking grinder, he is a walking laboratory, for the food that he takes in is changed, permeated with acids from his own body, and is thus

manufactured into the best of fertilizer.

There are about 1,000 species of earthworm and they are found all over the world. They have traveled to many islands, the West Indies, Tahiti, the Falkland Islands, and are numerous even in Iceland. How they got there nobody knows, for sea water means death to any worm.

Earthworms vary in size, and the amount of gardening they do varies accordingly. One in Ceylon is about two feet long; in the Nilgiri Hills of India the worms are 12 to 15 inches long and as thick as a man's finger; while along the banks of the mighty Amazon many are two and a half feet long, and thick in proportion. In the Ecuador jungles explorers found one five feet long, looking more like a snake than a worm.

Charles Darwin figured that every year in England and Wales the worms eat and deposit on the surface 320 million tons of soil. He said the worm was one of the most important creatures on earth. Gilbert White, a quiet pastor who loved and studied the creatures of field and wood, said in 1777 of the earthworm: "Vegetation would proceed but lamely without it, so great are its services in boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibers of plants, by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it, and, most of all, by

**Our Lady of La Salette Seminary, Altamont, N. Y. April, 1944.*

throwing up such infinite heaps of lumps of earth, which is a fine manure for grain and grass."

The earthworm is a good friend to the plant, for in its own active self it grinds up stones and soil. Plants, like human beings and birds, like to save themselves work, and they find those worm tubes convenient for root growth. Red clover sends its roots down six feet through worm tunnels.

A worm will eat anything. It has been calculated that every worm eats, renews, and aerates about five ounces of soil every year—and when one thinks of the countless billions and trillions of worms he can realize that they turn over a lot of soil.

People have been giving much attention to the lowly worm lately, especially in California, where he is not so plentiful as elsewhere. There are farms dedicated solely to earthworm production and experiments are being made in adapting certain worms to certain soils.

A fine example of what worms can do is provided by an orange grove in Redlands, Calif. One grove of trees has thicker foliage, better fruit and much more of it than others in the neighborhood. Yet this grove takes less water, less labor, and very little fertilizer—and those happy results are all due to the industrious worm.

The Chinese have always appreciated the earthworm. They have been farming since the days of Noah, and are probably the best farmers in the world. No farmer in China dreams of trying to grow crops before examining the soil for the friendly worms. No worms, no farm.

Producing fertile soil is not the worm's only good deed; it was he who first showed men how to build moisture-proof tunnels with rigid walls. When a French engineer, M. Brunel, and his son were building the Thames tunnel, the walls caved in and caused the death of many workers. Then one day young Brunel watched a worm cementing the walls of its burrow with a sticky, waterproof cement. All that was necessary was to copy the worm and make just such a waterproof covering for the tunnel. The plan worked and the Thames tunnel was opened to pedestrians in 1843.

The earthworm is but one of God's many miniature masterpieces, perfectly adapted to its work, so tireless, and so well protected in spite of its fragile body. If you cut a worm into several pieces (which, please, never do) it will turn into several worms. Besides serving us in so many different ways, earthworms call our attention to the wonders all God's creatures have, even the least, if only we have eyes to see them.



A city council advertised for a rat catcher at a salary of \$20 a week; received no answer. The council then advertised for a rodent operative at \$18 a week; got a response from a man, hired him.

John A. Toomey in *America* (15 April '44).

Men of Malvern

By JOHN J. SULLIVAN

A mill on a hill

Condensed from an address*

Malvern is a height on the Pennsylvania railroad, about 20 miles west of Philadelphia. In the woods which still cover much of the retreat grounds, and which once extended along the high ridge separating the Delaware Valley from the Chester Valley, Anthony Wayne's troops were camped on the September night of the Paoli Massacre in 1777. A few days before, the Battle of Brandywine was fought 12 miles to the southwest. Valley Forge lies eight miles to the northeast. The retreat grounds of 130 acres command a view of the rolling Chester county countryside to the south.

Three large buildings contain bedrooms for retreatants, and in one of them are the chapel and library. A fourth contains the kitchen and dining room, as well as quarters and a chapel for the nuns who do the cooking. The caretaker and his family live in a lodge at the entrance to the grounds. Several small structures include various shrines, an open woodland chapel where Mass sometimes is celebrated in warm weather, and a tiny house which shelters men who, without pay, give most of their time to caring for the grounds. The nuns have a well-tended garden, in which they grow flowers for the chapels.

A lane winds through the woods and past the main buildings. It is lined

with rhododendrons and beds of other flowers. A brook traverses a low-lying end of the grounds, near a shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Saint Joseph's-in-the-Hills is owned by the Laymen's Week-End Retreat League, a corporation managed by lay officers and directors elected in the customary manner. Laymen recruit weekly groups, averaging about 100. Retreats begin almost every Friday of the year, before the evening meal, and end the following Sunday afternoon. Only a few mid-week retreats are conducted.

A different captain is appointed for each retreat, and he selects a dozen associate captains to help him. Their first job is to enlist a suitable number of retreatants for their week end. They are responsible also for appointing the officers of the retreat, such as those who assist in the various services, the bell ringer, the lectors, and prefects.

A captain of captains is chosen at the beginning of each year. With four assistants, he makes sure that preparations for each retreat are set in motion and kept going.

Those who attend retreats represent a cross section of American manhood: young and old, rich and poor, highly educated or not. Catholics predominate, but one or more non-Catholics attend most of the retreats, and their

*In *Bellevue-Stratford*, Philadelphia, Nov. 29, 1943. As published in *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, 715 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa. March, 1944.

presence tends to keep the Catholics on their good behavior.

Upon arrival at Malvern on Friday afternoon, the men are assigned to their rooms. Then they proceed to dinner, where the retreat resembles a reunion, for many meet only at St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills. At the first meal the retreat officers are announced.

On Saturday morning after Mass the retreatants assemble at the flagpole and, while the flag is raised, one of the number recites a prayer for all Americans. Breakfast follows. Afterwards, the retreat master gives several talks in the chapel, with intermediate periods for meditation. The same routine is followed after lunch, with the addition of a pilgrimage through the woods to the Stations of the Cross. While the retreatants wend their way between stations, they sing verses of the *Stabat Mater*. In the evening, several priests hear confessions of those who did not go the night before. The retreat master gives a sermon, and the day's public exercises end with Benediction.

Two flags hang in the oratory, one the flag of our country, the other the papal flag. They go well together, for, as Catholics know, their Church is never safer than under the Stars and Stripes, and they know, too, that the principles of conduct and citizenship taught by their Church are the lasting foundation of our republic.

The Sunday exercises are much like Saturday's, but include a pilgrimage to some of the shrines, where prayers are said. At the Sunday-morning Mass all Catholics receive Holy Communion.

During the day each retreatant is given the opportunity for a private conference with the retreat master or one of the other priests.

The retreats are financed through voluntary contributions. The amount contributed is large or small as suits the individual; no contribution is required if the retreatant is unable to make one.

Personal sanctification is the primary aim of a retreat, and on this every man must work for himself and by himself. While a retreat may be made in common by more than 100 persons, each must concentrate his thought on the points proposed for meditation, as they apply to himself.

One of the most common mistakes regarding the Church is the idea that she relies chiefly on appeals to the emotions. The fact is that her philosophy and theology, worked out by countless thousands of learned divines, sets before us in exact detail and with logical sequence the position of human beings in the universe and their relations and duties to the Creator, to each other, and to the constituted authorities of the government. Some of the Church's principles, enunciated long before 1776, appear in the Declaration of Independence almost as if they had been copied from the works of Cardinal Bellarmine and other Doctors of the Church.

The effect of a retreat, as shown in numberless instances, has been to make a man of Malvern not only a better Catholic, but also a better person in his relations with his family and his business associates, as well as a more understanding and devoted American.

Darkness Over the Land

By EDWARD W. SMITH

Homework

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions**

Turn the calendar back to 1936. In a rural parish of the Baltimore archdiocese, a priest struggled with a plan for expansion of the Catholic Church in America. He had been president of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference and a rural pastor almost 20 years. He knew that rural and small-town America was to a great extent priestless; that Catholicism, though strong in the cities, was weak in the country, especially in the South and Southwest. He knew, too, that the country is the source of population increase. But no all-out effort was being made by any group to bring the priestless sections to Christ. The foreign-missionary societies made great expenditures of money and labor yearly to carry on their work; they gave their men specialized training. Why not apply the same technique to the mission field of the U. S.?

Thus it was that four and a half years ago Father W. Howard Bishop founded the Society of the Home Missioners of America under the patronage of Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati. Its members are secular priests living a community life under a superior. Its motherhouse is at Glendale, Ohio. At present the infant society has nine priests and nine seminarians. Societies of Brothers and Sisters are also being organized.

It is a common opinion that the U. S.

is Christian, and that missionary work has no place in so enlightened a country. But of the vast population of 131 million in the U. S., only some 22 million are officially listed as Catholic. Between 65 and 75 million Americans profess no religious affiliation whatsoever. Picture a country as large as Mexico with a population as great as that of Canada (above 10 million), and you have the size and population of No-priestland in America. Yes, of the 3,070 counties in the U. S. more than 1,000 have no resident priest. Placed side by side to form a square, these counties would cover 757,000 square miles, 12 average-sized midwestern states, or one fourth the area of the U. S.

Since the inhabitants of No-priestland are for the most part rural and small-town folks, birth prevention is not common, although its advocates are out in force. Though it is true that this large dark square is notorious for its high percentage of crime, social diseases, and abandoned churches, there are many highly commendable traits in its people. They love their homes and children and have innate respect for religion. The fate of the large dark square has an important bearing on the fate of the remainder of this country. If its millions are left to shift for themselves in moral and doctrinal matters, if they are left to drift further from Christian

*St. Mary's Mission House, Techy, Ill. April, 1944.

ideas, as they are drifting, then the downward pull of their influence will be universally felt as the years roll on.

In the four and a half years of the Home Missioners' existence, six counties, two in southern Ohio and four in Kentucky, have been staffed with priests. For the last four summers, Father Raphael Sourd, formerly of the Cincinnati archdiocese and first priest to join Father Bishop, has toured those six counties with the trailer *Chapel of the American Martyrs*. With him have been the Home Missioners stationed in those counties together with other of his fellow priests and seminarians.

Their experiences have been broad and varied. Suppose you are walking down the street with one of the Fathers as he calls at each home and personally invites each family to the evening service. Yes, the Roman collar gives them a shock; many of them have never been so close to a priest before. Some are friendly and readily take the literature handed them. You didn't expect to get that door slammed in your face, did you? Well, it doesn't happen very often. More often, they refuse the literature. Do you think you could answer some of their queer questions? What would you have said to that last one: "Is the Pope the Antichrist?"

Now that you and Father have finished your door-to-door canvass, it is time to set up the sound equipment in the town square. You had better take care of the music tonight. We will alternate patriotic and religious selections during the intermissions between the sermon, the Question Box period, and

the movie. No, they don't ask many questions the first night, but there will be more when they get used to us. Put on the *Star Spangled Banner* and watch the crowd gather: children first, then the grownups! They always edge up gradually. They really respect religion; notice how attentively they are listening to this half-hour sermon. That's that for the opening night. The movie helps to draw a crowd. All the names we have taken tonight will be put on our follow-up lists.

We have received a very kind welcome in most towns. There have been instances when some irate country folk have done everything but throw us out. Hecklers and noise-makers, as on the night in southern Ohio when a jukebox bellowed a vulgar tune and a car ran with open cutout, have kept the preacher at maximum volume. Stones have been thrown and some blood spilled, but nothing serious. In all cases the crowd has been with us, a very small minority against. Street preaching also breaks down prejudice and makes contacts for the missioners stationed in the field.

It is not difficult to understand the bigotry and hatred toward the Catholic Church if one recalls that bigotry and ignorance usually are found together. There is some bitter with the sweet, but the consolations derived from working with the poor and the degenerate, the ignorant and the lowly, far outnumber the hardships. There is the joy of seeing a soul suddenly receive the gift of faith. There is joy also in giving children their first knowledge of Christ

their King. One summer we arranged to give an hour a day to a recreational program for some 60 boys who lived along the river in a small town. One afternoon when the temperature hung on the century mark, we decided to suspend athletics in favor of a quiz program. The questions were to be taken from the first book of the penny catechism.

The round started. Each contestant received three chances to answer the question asked him. Not one could give a halfway complete answer to the question: "Who is God?" No one of the seven to 16-year-olds had the slightest idea of the purpose of life. Only one of the entire group knew where the infant Christ was born. Over half did not know the name of Christ's Mother. The mystery of the Holy Trinity was unheard of. One gave Joseph, Abraham, and Isaac as the names of apostles. Some had heard of Ten Commandments, but could not recite them.

A short time ago in Ohio, a pug-

nosed, freckled-faced lad of 12 barefooted his way up the aisle of the only Catholic church for 40 miles around. He had never been in one before. His eyes were large as they roamed over the stations of the cross, the statues, and came to rest on the altar. He had listened carefully to the explanation of the Home Missioner; he dubbed him The Reverend. Suddenly the lad leaned over the altar railing and, pointing to the sanctuary lamp and the tabernacle, asked, "What's that box fur and why is the red light burning?" Father explained that the red lamp was a sign to Catholics that our Lord, Jesus Christ, was really present in the little box under the form of bread. Freckles thought this over for a moment and then said, "You mean that Jesus is really and truly in that box?" Again Father assented, telling him the words of our Lord at the Last Supper. The boy stood silent for some time and then blurted out, "Gee! We ought to kneel down and pray to Him, oughtn't we?"



Lieut. Gordon F. Bennett, of Worcester, Mass., who flies with Chennault's Tigers in China, took to his parachute when his plane's motor went dead somewhere near Kweilin, Maryknoll mission center.

When he struggled to his feet, he was astonished to see another white man, not in service uniform but in native Chinese dress, coming toward him on the run.

The lieutenant introduced himself: "I'm from Worcester, Mass." The white man in Chinese garb was amused. He said "I'm from Waverly, Mass.; I'm Father Francis Keelan."

Bennett slept in the Maryknoll mission that night, and next day Father Keelan guided him back, on foot, to the American base, 40 miles away.

Father Keelan, who had not heard from home in two years, learned the latest from Worcester through Lieutenant Bennett, who gets mail frequently by air. Their homes are only about 35 miles apart.

N.C.W.C. (15 April '44).

Young Wolves in Greece

By OTTO ZOFF

A by-product of war

Excerpts from a chapter of a book*

Thousands and thousands of children have been turned into murderers. Their steady hatred is of the same icy coldness as the insatiate lust for revenge of the Young Wolves in the hollows of Olympus. All over Europe the children have learned to hate; they have left their games and studies to track down and kill their enemies. And humanity, its compassion forgotten, can only look on and admire their heroism.

The heroic stand of the Greek army was in vain. They fought Germans at Thermopylae as valiantly as they had fought Persians there 2,500 years ago, but the Germans were countless. Down from the North they came, pushing before them the remnants of the defending Greeks. Much of the Greek army was evacuated. Many soldiers took to the hills. But many, like the General, unable to get away, went into hiding.

When the knocking sounded at the door it was almost a relief to the General. He had been waiting in the apartment like a trapped animal. It was the Gestapo at last, he knew; now there would be an end to the hiding and watching.

But it was not the Gestapo. It was only a couple of Athenian street boys, those pert, ragged fellows of 12 and 13 whom he saw every day lounging on the curbs, spitting out seed husks, strolling on errands, and mocking the police.

Their sharp, intelligent faces were burning with excitement as they began giving orders to the spruce and bemedaled officer.

Here were civilian clothes for him. Here was a loaf of bread. He was to change immediately and wait for their signal.

Late that night the officer lay under a pile of fish net on board a small fishing vessel as it cast off moorings and started out of the harbor. On the end of the quay sat the newsboy on his pile of papers. He dangled his legs over the oily water and whistled raucously.

That is the story of scores of Greek officers and men who had missed their chance to escape to Turkey before the German hordes swept through Greece. Some of them were brought to fishing boats or freighters under cover of darkness; some were led to safety in the mountains.

When the nazis battered their way into the country, a countless mass of people fled in panic before them from Thrace and all the north of Greece. Many thousands of war orphans were in that swarm. Athens and Salonika were full of them. Many belonged to the underground organization for saving soldiers and patriots slated for German revenge. All we know of this society is that it was headed by a 15-year-old boy named Demetrios, family name

*They Shall Inherit the Earth. 1943. John Day Co., 40 E. 49th St., New York City. 258 pp. \$3.

unknown. He has since disappeared.

The greatest of all Greek tragedies is being enacted at this very hour. The Greeks are a proud, stubborn people with many tragedies behind them, but none of such nightmare inevitability as this. The Red Cross has been driven to take this terrible position: "The increasing scarcity of food and medicine forces us to distribute them only to those who have some chance of surviving. Nothing is to be squandered on those who cannot be saved."

This sounds inconceivable, and it is. But in Greece the fight is not against malnutrition; it is against the utter extermination of a whole people. Greece had 7 million inhabitants; in the last two years a fifth of them have been wiped out.

The terrible decision the Red Cross made was the only possible one. It rescues the starving at the expense of the starved. In cold blood the children have to be divided into two categories: those who have reached such a stage of starvation that even the smallest drop of olive oil would be wasted on them, and those for whom there is still some hope. The Red Cross keeps a record of its frightful charity:

"We delivered a few ounces of oil to Helene Soteriou. About 40 years old, and once a handsome woman, she appeared at the door wrapped in a horrible covering. She had traded all her furniture for food on the black bourse. She had torn most of the boards from her floor for heating. Her three children lay crying in a corner. Last week her husband and one child died and

the corpses remained for three days before they were moved. I was glad to see that Helene is now insane."

The following figures attested by social workers in Greece have reached this country:

Daily death rate in the Athens area

Average in normal times... 47

Average since Axis occupation... 1,422

Causes of death

Accidents... 3%

Natural causes... 6%

Chronic diseases... 16%

Tuberculosis... 18%

Starvation... 57%

The authorities have ceased trying to keep the statistics in order. Most families attempt to conceal deaths; if reported, the deceased person's bread card is taken away. So grandmother's body, or father's, is bundled in rags, carried secretly to the country, and buried in an unmarked grave.

Most of the orphans whom the occupation of Greece scattered far and wide have come together into loosely knit mobs. The waifs are a numberless nation, and their capital city not Athens but Salonika, where there are at least 10,000 of them. Salonika lies on a bay where great steamships rest, black and uncouth. The city is built in terraces, climbing up in a great white pile with many minarets and delicate lance-sharp cypresses. The elaborate quays are shining and new, but ancient fortifications girdle the city, an oriental labyrinth of corridors and caves and towers. Here is a wonderful place to hide, to bury oneself. So the orphans, heroic little nui-

sances from mountain towns of the Balkans, the plains of Thrace, and slums of port towns and cities, haunt the outskirts of Salonika among dockyard workers, roustabouts, sailors, street singers, newsboys, beggars.

The 10,000 orphans are the plague of the city. They are a headache to the nazis, who do not know what to do with them. They are sly: an army of small gangs that have their own standards and code of honor, and are completely fearless. The ragamuffins are almost naked; they never wash, and their long hair hangs about their shoulders, crawling with lice. The public-hygiene officers dread them for the typhus they can spread.

They sleep wherever they happen to be at night; steal what food they see; make off with anything they can carry. Rotgut liquor sends them reeling in the alleys. They have an argot no one else can comprehend, and signal each other in a secret code of shrill whistles. Yelling like a pack of jackals, they mock at passers-by, especially those in field gray. They are a source of unrest, disorder, and uprisings. German troops call them Young Wolves.

Almost daily in Salonika an ammunition dump catches fire, or a train is derailed, or a house where soldiers are quartered burns down. When a young criminal is caught, he is as impervious to threats and punishment as he is to kind words and the offer of a big meal. When they promise they will set him free and give him a piece of real meat and a cigarette, he acts as if he had not heard them. When they change their

tone and say, "All right, get ready! We are going to shoot you in five minutes!" there is the same reaction, that is, none at all. The children ask no questions and give no answers. They do not betray each other. Their courage is the courage of those who have nothing to lose; the death of men is as much a commonplace to them as the death of flies is to our children.

In Lamis a gang of boys was fighting, throwing stones, one of which struck the window of a parked German Army truck. The driver grabbed one of the boys, threw him to the pavement, and stamped on his head and body until he died. The other vagabonds ganged up on the brute and stoned him. Their aim was good. Stone after stone was hurled with all their strength, struck the soldier, and when another German came to his aid, it made no difference to the boys except that it gave them two targets. Shouts, screams, whistles, and catcalls increased, and the stones came harder, until both men were insensible. The boys loaded them into the truck, and drove it to a cliff. Then the young guerrillas got out, and released the brake: truck and unconscious enemies hurtled over the edge. The rest of the gang buried the dead boy in the country.

In time, many of the Young Wolves took to the hills. Increasing hunger had driven the gangs to such bold food snatching that the authorities resorted to stringent methods to control them. Special squads of police rounded up the children like stray dogs. They were armed with lassos of strong cord, so

fine that when an entangled victim struggled to free himself, the cord bit through his rags into the skin. Methods of control inside detention camps were comparably brutal, including beatings with clubs.

Stories of such treatment drove many of the children to seek refuge in the mountain country. In the rocky defiles among the low bushes and the maze of goat tracks there live Greek, English and Australian soldiers who have never surrendered, but still wage war practically with their bare hands. On a careful estimate there must be about 3,000 guerrillas in Greece. Upon Mount Olympus, in the Pindus, Aeroceraunian, Parnes, and Taygetus mountains, on Parnassus, on Helicon, there are hollows and hidden paths and thickets. From their hideouts, guerrillas make sudden forays and carry out carefully planned sabotage. Among them are intellectuals, monks, peasants, gypsies, orthodox Jews, and even deserters from the German Army.

Such is the refuge the children try to reach. After their flight from the invaders, after their gang life in the cities, now at last in the wild freedom of the mountains they seem to forget all about the homes they once had. Did they really ever have a table where the family ate together? Was there a hearth, was there a mother who bent over

them to stroke their heads when they were feverish? It was all long ago, and they are wolves now. Their faces are weatherbeaten; they have learned sharp-sightedness from the falcon, self-preservation from the mouse, slyness from the fox. Three sensations dominate them: hatred, loyalty, and hunger.

Nazi soldiers hunt them down as if they were wild beasts. One night near Janina the soldiers had a good bag, a troop of seven children caught near their mountain lair. The nazis took away their guns and stood the prisoners in the moonlight. The intensity of light and shadow made the hungry faces of the children look more than ever like the muzzles of fierce young animals. They stood there defiantly, surrounded by their captors; though they could not understand the language, they knew the argument had to do with whether they would live or die.

They began to bark defiance at the soldiers then, all of them at once. One of the Germans translated, "They say they'd rather be shot. If we are going to take their guns away we may as well shoot them, they say. Life isn't any good to them without their guns."

Their faces were full of scorn as the hunters took aim, and not one of the Young Wolves whimpered or asked for mercy, not even the youngest, who was eleven.



A bourgeois is a fellow who tries to be somebody by trying to be like everybody, which makes him nobody.

Peter Maurin in the *Catholic Worker* (April '44).

Back to the Land

Argument for bonds

By BERTRAM B. FOWLER

Condensed from *Free America**

The men and women in today's war plants are not the same type who went to work in such plants during the first World War. They are the people who went through the depression of the 30's. The younger ones grew up in that depression. They have come from families who for years lived on relief. They have come from farms that failed as commercial enterprises. They have not forgotten those years, nor will they.

I speak now, not from mere hearsay nor as a result of having read a few reports. During the last year I have covered all of rural America east of the Rockies, solely to dig out stories. I was attempting to gauge trends and ascertain through first-hand study just what events we might expect in the years to come.

In no single instance did I find any complacency regarding the future; in no instance did I discover an intelligent person who did not believe that he would have to work and plan for his own future security. In almost every instance that person was looking toward the land for his security.

Throughout rural America I found that the individual farmer had one clear objective: to get his farm clear of all debt. Today, as a result, the farm-mortgage debt is the lowest since 1916.

I found in every case that the farmer was moving away from total depend-

ence on cash income. The growth of the locker system, of cooperatives of every type, are segments of a common drive to get more income and independently produced goods instead of mere cash.

That movement is afoot everywhere. I found newspaper men buying small farms outside the cities where they worked. I found that workers in war plants were acquiring such self-sustaining units now with a view to moving onto them immediately their war jobs end. I found literally hundreds of cases of men and women who are right now attempting to run farms while they do a full day's work in the plant. That farm is to them more important in one sense than the job they now have. For that unit will last while the job will not.

The most pronounced difference between war-plant workers in this war and those in the first World War lies in the lesson learned during that war and during the depression. The average worker during the last war spent his money as he made it. We emerged from that period with a back-breaking load of personal debt. The records of every loan agency in the U. S. show that this time the personal-debt load is almost negligible. The war workers this time are putting their marginal funds into war bonds and other forms of sav-

* 112 E. 19th St., New York City, 3. March, 1944.

ings. And, as nearly as anyone can find out, the workers look upon their savings as funds with which to acquire income-producing property at the close of the war—the funds with which to build up that hedge against whatever threat the future may hold. Too many of them got caught in factory towns and were forced to accept relief when the factories closed their doors. The determination that this shall not happen to them again is the greatest single motivating agency in driving savings into home and land purchases.

In making predictions I may be putting myself out on a limb. But I do make the predictions from actual findings in the field, not from indulgence

in rosy dreams while living in a vacuum. Therefore, I predict a tremendous forward surge of self-reliant decentralization immediately following the war.

I believe that we should look forward to this, make our plans now and attempt to further this trend in every possible manner, rather than succumb to destructive gloom at the obviously artificial trend forced upon us by war-time conditions. In the years ahead decentralization will have its golden opportunity if we only stop to realize that such decentralization is not merely the dream of a few vague idealists, but a trend that is even now gaining impetus from the same forces that seem to be halting it.



Your Global Vocabulary

By MAY MAHONEY

(Answers will be found on page 46.)

1. MIT BRENNENDER SORGE. Should be required reading for those who claim the Catholic Church is pro-nazi.
2. NON ABBIAMO BISOGNO. It was smuggled out of Italy.
3. OSSERVATORE ROMANO. Where the Italians learned the truth.
4. PALAZZO VENEZIA. No more balcony scenes from it.
5. QUADRAGESIMO ANNO. It was issued on a certain anniversary.
6. RERUM NOVARUM. No more famous document was issued during the 19th century.
7. ROTA. Its word is final.
8. SAORSTAT EIREANN. It has a president.
9. SINN FEIN. You may not know the word but your parents did.
10. VILLA TORLONIA. It may have a *For Rent* sign in its window.
11. ZUCHETTO. Comes in many colors.

The White Plume

By CAPT. RALPH INGERSOLL

Excerpts from a book*

Honor is not a fashionable word among American doughboys, and in their shyness they underrate it as a military weapon. Honor has been known to stop an armored column dead in its tracks; not honor in general but the personal honor of one man in particular. It happened one night in Morocco.

The armored column was American. It was a full division that had landed the day before. Its mission was to proceed inland from the coast to parry an expected blow from up Marrakesh way. Its encounter with honor took place about 1 A.M., just as it wound into the foothills of the Atlas mountains.

An armored division in column formation is a fierce thing. Closed up for battle, it is 15 miles of solid steel and fire power. It can blow a good-sized town off the map in 30 minutes. Yet, honor pinned it to the ground, held it choking and roaring with its motors idling for three precious hours in an enemy country in the first phase of an historic invasion.

The general had jounced through the inky black, in and out of the gutter, to the rear of his column, just to be sure that all was well. Then occurred an interminable halt. It was some time before the general realized that there was something unnatural about the delay. In such close proximity to the enemy there was, of course, radio silence. So it

was some time before he diagnosed the wait not as minor traffic trouble but as something more important.

The general's aide did not get his job by being a timid man, but he recalls no terror like that of his ride up to the front end of the column. As they approached the battlefield the general and his aide swung around the last sharp turn and this is what they saw: one 23-ton M-1 tank and, just beyond, a semi-circle of American officers and men, their helmets silhouetted in the bright light of a lantern shining from just ahead of them. The general leaped from his jeep and strode through. Officers and men were silent, for they had long since exhausted words. Beyond them and in the center of the road there stood one rock, almost round, about three feet in diameter; one lantern, kerosene; sitting on the rock: one soldier, French, aged 75, with snow-white beard, and across his faded tunic, row upon row of ribbons from each of which hung a medal; one rifle, 1870 government issue, in the hands of said poilu, its butt resting on the ground.

"And what," asked the general, halting before this tableau, "what the hell is this?"

The old soldier with the beard squared his shoulders and answered firmly but respectfully, "*Monsieur, c'est un road block symbolique.*"

*The Battle is the Pay-off. 1943. Harcourt, Brace & Co. New York City, 17. 217 pp. \$2.

"And why, may I ask," said the general, whose French was still adequate, for he had learned it well in the last war, "why is it there?"

"It is there," said the old man proudly, "because I am guarding it. I represent the honor of the French Army. It is not possible to permit the invasion of French soil without resistance. So you see, monsieur, I resist.

"It is true," the old man continued, "I can only resist symbolically. But I resist," and letting his eye rove sternly over the semicircle of American officers, "and I resist not unsuccessfully, monsieur. There is no argument by which these men can persuade me not to resist."

The general had learned more than the language in France. Slowly and thoughtfully he walked around the stone to the old man and with affection and respect put his arm around his shoulder. "Old one," he said, "I am glad I have seen what I have seen. But this matter is not as difficult as you imagine. It is now clear to the whole world that you have done your duty. It is very late and I can assure you, for I

am the commanding general of this column, that you may now go back to your bed and sleep in peace."

Tears of gratitude for such understanding came into the old man's eyes. He grasped the general's hand. "No, no, monsieur, now I cannot go. You have made it impossible."

"But—but why?" asked the commanding general.

"Because," said the old man, drawing himself up again, "I have inconvenienced an army that was once the ally of France. I must now help you to remove the symbolic road block."

"It would not," said the general with just a slight catch in his voice, "be fair to these men of mine, who are so young and so anxious to serve. They will remove the road block, Papa; they will remove it for you."

And so it was that the road-block *symbolique* was at last pushed to one side and the motors roared and the mighty steel juggernaut rolled on, passing a spot that should forever be a shrine to the honor of France, and to the fine sensitivities of the American soldier in foreign parts.



Wandering Minstrel

Toscanini had a painful experience one evening with a soloist who began his cadenza bravely enough but soon got into difficulty. Obviously flustered, he wandered further and further off key. The maestro and the entire orchestra held their breaths. Just before their cue to resume playing, the soloist managed to recover the original key. Toscanini bowed and said, "Welcome home, Mr. Ginsberg."

Bennett Cerf in the *Saturday Review of Literature* quoted in *The Sign* (May '44).

The Jesuits in Paraguay

By JOSEPH F. MENEZ

Memory of a perfect state

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

The Jesuits were not the first missionaries to Paraguay. In 1515, the Franciscans appeared there with the conquistadores. From that time on, ignoring their priests, the Spanish colonists had subjugated the natives. Thus arose the *encomienda* system, far worse than old-world feudalism, for it was inhuman and depersonalizing, making its victims the most miserable of slaves. The plan flourished, and became the economic keystone of the colony.

Such were the conditions when the Jesuits arrived in 1588. At first they were warmly welcomed, because their self-sacrifice was everywhere known. But it was not to be very long before they would be maligned and hounded, and every effort made, however infamous, to expel them.

Immediately upon arriving, the Jesuits set about their routine of founding colleges and seminaries, and enjoyed notable success. At Córdoba, for example, they established a university in 1621, ten years before the founding of Harvard.

Contrary to what some writers find it easy to believe, the Reductions did not trace their origin to Utopian schemes, such as St. Thomas More's, or Campanella's.† They grew, rather, out of the exigencies of the situation and the ingenuity of the Fathers. They

were the Jesuit answer to the inhumanity of the colonists.

In spite of royal and ecclesiastical decrees, groups of man hunters, called *mamelucos*, depopulated the forests of natives, whom they sold into slavery. Even when the Jesuits moved their charges still farther into the interior, they were constantly molested. At last, by-passing the impotent local authorities, they received the king's consent to maintain an Indian militia, equipped with Spanish arms. Henceforth, the defense against the dreaded *mamelucos* would be something more convincing than entreaty. But firearms were not proof against a more sinister plot of the man hunters. Frustrated, they returned to São Paulo, full of malice toward the priests. Soon evil rumors were heard throughout the colony, one of the most sensational, that deep in the woods the Fathers had secret gold mines.

Despite the hardships, the number of Reductions grew until 1767, the year the Society was suppressed in Spanish territory. From 1610 to 1768, 702,086 Guarani Indians were baptized.

The Reductions were built on high and healthful locations. Their general plan was that of a Spanish pueblo, with all streets running parallel and straight. In the more populous, the main street was paved. The brick houses were set apart from one another to decrease the

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Oct., 1943, p. 49.

**Notre Dame, Ind.* April 22, 1944.

danger of fire. The communities held several familiar institutions: a richly decorated church, many chapels, homes for widows and for cripples, and a cemetery usually so beautiful that, in the words of Southey, it was truly "a sacred garden of the dead." Beyond each settlement were the sawmills and flour mills, tanneries, and other common workshops. Save for a few articles, such as fine silk vestments, the Jesuits succeeded in making the Reductions economically self-sustaining.

The Reductions were not only communistic but essentially theocratic. But one hastens to add that they bore no resemblance to materialistic communism of today. Each Indian had his own field. Certain land was held in common, "God's field," as it was called, on which the Indians worked two days weekly, the proceeds of which went to the community at large, maintaining the sick, aged, and maimed, and for the crown taxes, public buildings, and churches. The missionaries themselves did not share in this distribution, but relied instead on their meager allowance from the king. From the community granaries and storehouses, food-stuffs and clothing were systematically distributed. The children were allotted clothing twice annually, the grownups once. These garments were simple but of a quality higher than those known to white settlers in adjacent territories.

The Guarani was naturally indolent. But the Fathers knew his deep love of music; and melodies played for him while at work by specially trained natives lightened the labor. Nor was there

lack of time for other recreation, nor for education. Every holyday on the calendar of the Church was one of festivity. The Fathers knew that life could be both joyous and virtuous, so they arranged games, athletic contests, and sham battles. But the Indian's road to education was a rocky one: he could absorb reading and writing with fair success; but figures seemed not to be for him. He could count up to 20, but beyond that any number was "many."

Money was nonexistent; barter prevailed, even in foreign trade. The Reductions exported sugar, wax, honey, tobacco, and hides, and imported necessary European goods. One product the Fathers cultivated with more than ordinary skill: *illex paraguayensis*, the source of "Paraguay tea," was introduced to the natives as a substitute for liquor.

The agricultural and pastoral pursuits were not exclusive concerns. A self-sustaining community must also train native stonecutters, carpenters, and metal workers. And one can but wonder that, working with a people not only lazy but ignorant of even barbaric arts, the crudest of hieroglyphics being unknown among them, the Fathers were able to turn out such capable craftsmen. Many there were, according to Koebel, "who had really attained to an expert art in watchmaking." German and Italian Fathers, formerly conductors of choirs in the old world, trained the Indians to such grace that they might well have become the envy of a European cathedral.

Each Reduction was a unit in itself.

Two Fathers took charge; each unit contained anywhere from 350 to 7,000 Indians. The Fathers acted as doctors; were priests and teachers, both cultural and manual. Universal suffrage prevailed, something undreamed of not only among the Indians outside the missions but among Spaniards as well. Elected *corregidores* (magistrates) carried on the civil administration together with *regidores* (aldermen) and *alcaldes* (mayors). The Jesuits encouraged the greatest possible autonomy. It is remarkable that, although at no one time were there more than a handful of Fathers in charge, the Indians never once rebelled in nearly two centuries of Reductions. This would seem to be the most arresting example of how much the Guarani came to love his white benefactors.

The Paraguay Reductions formed a confederation, each autonomous in domestic affairs, but acting as a corporate state in foreign trade and military defense. Each had a well-trained, ever-alert army. The sons of St. Ignatius, himself a soldier, were not unacquainted with military technique. When the Portuguese attacked San Sacramento, 3,300 cavalry and 200 sharpshooters from the Reductions helped save the day. No wonder King Philip called the Paraguayan Army the military bulwark of Spain. As a matter of record "the Reductions Indians between 1637 and 1735 entered the field no less than 40 times for the cause of the king, repeatedly with a large force and under considerable sacrifice of time, money, and life."

The Reductions are justly called a model of theocratic government, with religion as the dominant and unifying element. Work began with early Mass, ended with evening devotions. Religion ruled all life, public as well as private. Children received religious instruction daily and the elders weekly. All Christian feasts were ceremoniously kept. The Fathers tried to demonstrate that Christianity, while dignified and meaningful, was also a thing of wonder and joy.

That the Reductions contained great wealth, or that the Fathers operated secret gold mines, were pure fabrications. Jesuit riches proved to be a myth, invented by colonists intent on breaking the men whose Christianity was spelling ruin for the *encomienda* system. According to Fulop-Miller, a non-Catholic, "those in charge of this unique state were never in a position to accumulate riches." Nevertheless, the rumors persisted, and pressure was put on the government to investigate. This it did twice, once in 1640, and again in 1657. In each case the Reductions were exonerated and the accusers punished. In the long years after the expulsion of the Jesuits, the fancied gold mines were never discovered.

When one considers that from 1867 to 1882 the Indian reservations in the U. S. cost our government \$90 million, the cost to the Jesuits of the Reductions in almost two centuries may be left to the imagination. Indeed, one can well understand why, on confiscating all Jesuit property after the expulsion, the government was both surprised and

disgusted that the Fathers had no vendible wealth whatsoever. "The Jesuits," writes Cunningham-Graham, "strange as it may appear, did not conduct the missions after the fashion of a business concern, but rather as the rulers of some Utopia, those foolish beings who think happiness preferable to wealth."

The inevitable, however, could not be long delayed. Toward the middle of the 18th century, friends of the Reductions found a growing cause for alarm. Anti-Jesuit forces were gaining strength. France of the "Enlightenment" was a seedbed of infidelity: and in the prevailing movements the Jesuit had hardly a friend. To the Jansenist he was the most deadly of antagonists; to the Gallican, the staunchest defender of the Holy See. But when leaders of the "Enlightenment," such as D'Alembert, Diderot, Lamettrie, Helvetius and Voltaire, joined forces with international Freemasonry, in the persons of power-minded, anti-Jesuit prime ministers, such as Choiseul of France, Aranha of Spain and the vindictive Pompal of Portugal, the Society was doomed. Banishment soon followed: from Portuguese territory in January, 1759; from French in 1764; and with no little surprise, since Charles III was cherished by the Pope, from Spanish lands in February, 1767.

The moment the news broke in Paraguay, the wolves were loose.

With all the destructiveness of the *mamelucos*, government officials ransacked Jesuit schools, workshops, and churches, and stole everything they could move—church ornaments, food-

stuffs, cattle. The library of Córdoba, with its priceless ethnological treatises and numerous Indian grammars, went up in flames. As one writer has described it: "They (the marauders) used most of the books for making cartridges, for baking biscuits, and for lantern lights." Thus some of the rarest manuscripts of the western world were lost forever.

The Fathers themselves were driven like felons to the waterfront. One can imagine the anguish with which they beheld the destruction of their earthly labors, especially as they contemplated the fate of the Indians they loved and for whom they gave three-score martyrs. Herded into disease-ridden boats, not a few of them perished before they reached papal territory. Perhaps never before or since in the long history of injustice were such cruel indignities visited upon a body of men at once so learned in the arts and sciences, so self-sacrificing as missionaries, and so beloved of the common people.

When Bacareli, the minion of the government, entered the Reductions, it was to find the Indians in tears. In them the Fathers had instilled their own loyalty to king and their love of God. And perhaps no greater tribute was paid the banished Fathers than when Bacareli, their archcritic, ordered that their system be preserved. In their stead he sent the Franciscans. But the enemies of the enterprise had won; all attempts to keep it alive were failures. Where once there had been happy and prosperous communities, there was soon to be steady decline toward ruin.

In 1767, when the Fathers were expelled, there were 113,716 Christian Indians on 57 Reductions. Only five years later this number had fallen to 80,811, and in 1796, to a mere 45,000. In 1848 came the death blow. The dictator, Lopez, then formally abolished the Re-

ductions, sequestered their property, and decreed that all natives were thenceforth subjects of the Paraguayan state. Some of the Indians remained in an alien society, but many faded into the forests, knowing too well what civilization had to offer.



God in the Ether

The Church gets up to date

By HAROLD W. FRASER, O.M.I.

Condensed from the *Oblate World**

In the Chapel del Paradiso in Oropa, near Milan, Italy, a tablet bears this inscription: "From the cloisters of the mountain of Oropa, Guglielmo Marconi drew the inspiration of his great discovery. May wireless telegraphy, under the auspices of Mary, pacify men in Christ."

That plaque is a tribute of the world and the Church to the vision of Marconi. For so began, under religious inspiration, the outstanding discovery of the 20th century. So tremendous is the power of radio and of its adaptations through electronics that even the post-war world stands agape at its possibilities. Radio is fast becoming newspaper, theater, movie, and family counsellor.

Radio's power has been best revealed in the drama. For years it had struggled along with music, education, and news, while right within itself lay neg-

lected its greatest opportunity. We had made the mistake of thinking of radio drama in terms of the theater stage. Fumbling efforts to present stage plays were made, but they were no more than feeble attempts to graft an eye onto a creature that was of its nature blind. As long as radio drama attempted to borrow from the stage, it remained hybrid.

With evolution of the technical side of radio, however, big-name artists no longer shied from the new medium. Barking loud-speakers were disappearing, and control over static was advancing to the point where it was bad only on occasional stormy nights.

The critical world on both sides of the loud-speaker was now realizing the value of radio drama. "The play's the thing" became the watchword. By 1936, the National Broadcasting Company

* 225 Fargo Ave., Buffalo, 13, N. Y. April, 1944.

alone gave to radio drama 2,617 hours. The Lux Radio Theater, a pioneer, was rated fourth most popular program.

Radio drama was taken over at this point by writers who were themselves intimately acquainted with the finer shades of studio technique. They knew and wrote for sound. With the engineers' facilities at their disposal, playwrights had unlimited avenues upon which to parade their pet ideas. The results were satisfying, and Columbia Workshop today still remains the academy from which sprang a dramatic form as virile, whimsical, and versatile as the medium of sound will allow. By 1940, radio drama had come into its own.

For all this there was a reason. With nations at war in Europe, radio naturally emphasized national preparedness. To this end, the three major networks spent their energies presenting a "highly developed drama, serving a twofold purpose: entertaining a strained listening audience, and educating an as yet disbelieving nation to the reality of war." Hundreds of independent-station operators began presenting regular dramatic series, an enterprise which entailed the re-allocation of capital, to defray the expenses of actors, playwrights, engineers, and sound equipment. So it was that by 1941 radio drama was ready to perform the most important task in its short history, the marshaling of an all-out national defense campaign.

The war made radio drama the effective, efficient medium it is today. Commercial interests are exploiting it to the

fullest. But what is the Church doing?

There is actually a great deal of religion on the air. The hours of local-station programs are almost impossible to survey, but the networks broadcast outstanding religious programs such as the National Radio Pulpit, Religion in the News, The Art of Living, Highlights of the Bible, Church of the Air, National Catholic Hour, and the Catholic Hour of Faith. Until recently, none of them used drama, which government and privately sponsored agencies have proved so effective.

Some of the Protestant denominations, in privately sponsored programs, have made considerable progress in the field of radio drama; but there is very little Catholic drama on the air. A notable exception is the Ave Maria program which was begun in 1935 by the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement at Graymoor. This is a series of dramatizations of the lives of the saints and is carried by seven stations in the East. Other dramatic sketches have been put on the air occasionally by the Cathedral Hour, a children's story program. From time to time, the National Council of Catholic Men has offered dramatic presentations over the Catholic Hour, of which the Living God Series will be recalled. But the real groundwork of Catholic drama is just being laid in the establishment of experimental workshops.

The National Council of Catholic Men has organized a bureau to serve Catholics interested in this work. For everyone it has advice and scripts. But as Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., has said,

"Our dramatic efforts have often been amateurish. The scripts are dull and fumbling; drama is conspicuously missing. That suavity and speed, that mastery of the split second, that blending of music, speech, and sound that makes for good professional radio have not often been in our early attempts."

Precisely to overcome this difficulty, Catholic radio workshops are established at Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Fordham University, New York City; Loyola University, Los Angeles; Immaculate College, Immaculata, Pa.; St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kan.; St. Bonaventure's College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y.; Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa.

One of the most progressive of such organizations, is the Queen's Workshop of the Air. This St. Louis organization, under the direction of Father Leo P. Wobido, S.J., and Mary Agnes Schroeder, is proof that we have Catholics in the professional radio field willing to dedicate their talents to production of a Catholic dramatic radio. The chief problem of such work is securing scripts which, while being good morality, are also good drama.

The Queen's Workshop solved that problem by securing the services of Mary Schroeder, who, through years of experience as a Chicago radio educator, is well equipped to bring the professional touch to radio shows. Scripts

are available to any individuals or organizations interested.

With the rapid development of the radio, Msgr. James T. McDermott, O.M.I., was quick to realize that no pulpit can command such a vast audience as a single radio program. Radio carries the Gospel message into countless homes, clubs, shops and restaurants, to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Two years ago Monsignor McDermott took the first steps to make the radio a channel of the Oblate apostolate in the U.S. Under Catholic Hour sponsorship, NBC is presenting a series of six dramatizations from the pen of Father Timothy J. Mulvey, O.M.I.

In Lawrence, Mass., Father John L. O'Toole, O.M.I., who has labored with Father Mulvey from the beginning, is broadcasting a weekly religious program from Station WLAW, the voice of Columbia in northern New England. The broadcast, known as the Cathedral Hour, is on Thursdays, at 7:30 P.M.

Marconi, dreaming in the mountain cloisters of Oropa, could hardly have appreciated the revolutionary effect his invention was to have upon the world. It was well perhaps that he could not foresee a Hitler using radio to incite a world to war. But, Catholic that he was, he did visualize the ether as a medium for carrying Christ's message literally to the ends of the earth.

✦

Eire, the Irish Free State, is 95% Catholic, yet its President, Douglas Hyde, is a Protestant. Northern Ireland is about 40% Catholic, yet not one of them holds a position in the government, and the 60%, which is Protestant, rather thinks that it should be thus.

Our Sunday Visitor quoted in the *Victorian* (May '44).

I Saw the Wounded Come Home

By PATRICIA LOCHRIDGE

People at work at mercy

Condensed from the *Woman's Home Companion**

"Hello, Mom, I'm home!" Johnny heard his words echoing over thousands of miles of telephone wires. He grinned as he heard his mother gasp. "Yes, sure I'm okay. Don't worry about a thing. You should see me. I'm sitting in a wheel chair in the biggest telephone booth you ever saw: big enough for me, my chair, and the slickest nurse in the hospital. She just piloted me in. I arrived here in America only a couple of hours ago."

Johnny was among the 700 soldiers I had watched coming down the gangway of a hospital ship. Some were able to walk; others were on stretchers; all were glad to be home. No welcoming crowds were permitted at the debarkation, but a band played merrily and dozens of Red Cross gray ladies greeted them.

Now, a few hours later, the soldier boys were greeting their families. From Maine to California, mothers who a few weeks previously had received that ominous notification: "The War Department regrets your son has been wounded in action," were rejoicing as the news came in by telephone and telegraph that their sons were already home. The extra-size telephone booths, special chest transmitters, and amplifiers for the deaf were evidence of the extraordinary care the Army and Navy are taking to assure speedy and easy

contact with families of the wounded. Such thoughtfulness indicates what I now know to be true: nothing that can be done for our returning wounded is being left undone.

I have seen them coming off the hospital ships; boarding hospital trains and air transports to Army and Navy general hospitals near their homes; and at special centers for the blind, deaf, wounded, and burned. And I have seen them after their major medical care is completed at the convalescent centers where they are preparing to return either to the services or to some useful civilian occupation. And the magnificent story that emerges is one of selfless dedication by the men and women of the Medical Corps, a dedication strengthened by the wounded soldier's courageous will to live, and our own loving determination to give our men every chance to resume a better life in a better America.

Many of our men long overseas have almost forgotten the existence of the simple small good things which are part of the American pattern. Fortunately are those who will go to Stark General Hospital in Charleston, S. C. The low building spreads out under moss-hung oaks and big cedars, comfortable and inviting. Flowers are everywhere. Sometimes the patients steal past their nurses just to sit in the sun-

*250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. May, 1944.

shine; and, basking there, they lean down ever so often to finger a handful of American soil.

I will never forget the expression at breakfast one morning on one boy's face (he had come in the afternoon before) when a nurse asked him, "And how would you like your eggs this morning?"

"Eggs?" said he, "In the plural?"

Another tired-looking fellow wept when the precious eggs were set before him. To convince him they were the genuine unpowdered variety, an understanding nurse brought him the eggshells from the kitchen to see and to hold. Later a doctor told me of a patient who asked to prepare his own breakfast eggs just for the pleasure of handling them. Permission was granted and he scrambled six.

The mess officer nearly always has a harried look in his eyes. "Look," he said to me one morning, "those boys, those 700 boys, why they've already drunk up 1,500 quarts of milk and the day's not over. There won't be enough milk in all South Carolina to fill them up."

The patients devote time left over from eating and sleeping to writing their families, reading, listening to the radio, enjoying the Red Cross sponsored movies, USO camp shows, and jive sessions by the Stark band. One energetic patient with his leg in a heavy cast challenged me to a table-tennis match. Secretly I decided to let him win, but not by too wide a margin because I didn't want him to guess I was throwing the game. Then the ball came to

me and before the rally was over I was properly shamed. This soldier was asking no favors and needed none.

Later that day I saw a heart-warming example of how sometimes war brings democracy home to people. One of the patients was a South Carolinian and so his family could visit him at the hospital. After the first confusion of greeting, the father began to look around at the sparkling ward and the boys gay in their wine-red hospital bathrobes. But his eyes widened when he saw a Negro boy in the next bed.

"Son," he whispered, "I'll speak to the doctor and get you moved immediately."

The boy flushed and spoke rapidly, "Don't be silly, Dad." Then, more slowly and carefully, he added, "Dad, you do not understand. Frank over there was with us on the Volturno. So were some of those other Negro boys. One of them saved my best friend's life. We fought together and we were wounded together and we came back together. We're not going to let race hatred break us up. We're friends."

When a group must leave Stark, the Army's vast transportation system is mobilized. A number of Douglas transports wait at the Charleston airport to carry the wounded to the farthest hospitals. Each plane is equipped to carry either 16 litter patients or 24 ambulatory cases. The virtues of air evacuation are many: trips are shorter, patients rest more easily, morale stays high. But the slower hospital trains have their special advantages. From the double-decker beds running parallel along the

sides of the air-conditioned converted Pullman cars, the boys get their first long-sustained view of their own beloved America.

Some patients go to Valley Forge General Hospital at Phoenixville, Pa., which receives boys living in the middle eastern area, all the Army's and Navy's newly blinded, and men who need delicate plastic surgery. The plastic surgery department is headed by Lieut. Col. James Barrett Brown who, as St. Louis' famous Dr. Brown, is internationally renowned. One of his patients is a young nurse who was badly burned in an explosion at an airfield over in North Africa. When I met her, Mary had had four operations and had regained the use of her arms and hands. She was one of the most cheerful persons in the hospital. When Dr. Brown has finished his job, she will be as pretty and attractive as before the accident.

There were only 26 totally blinded boys at Valley Forge when I was there, but they seemed like more because they were all over the place, tapping their way along the corridors, visiting their buddies in other wards and at the post exchange. I met one boy coming down a hall and swerved quickly to the right. As I did so he laughed and said, "Hello, sister! How're things?" With that he jumped neatly into the air, clicking his heels together. It flashed over me that this boy had known I was a woman by my walk. He was already beginning to see the world without eyes.

The start made at Valley Forge by the totally blind, who must adjust to

darkness, is under the supervision of a famous Washington, D. C., ophthalmologist, who has been eminently successful in convincing the boys that they can quickly learn to make four senses do what five did.

The first job is to teach the men to take care of themselves. They must relearn how to use eating utensils and how to shave as well as how to read braille and get around with a cane. They learn with astonishing rapidity. Recovering a sense of balance is one of the most difficult tasks for the newly blind, and yet I overheard a blind soldier bragging about his bowling score. He hadn't been in the hospital a month.

Blinded soldiers worry a good deal about how they will be received back into everyday life upon leaving the understanding world of doctors, nurses, and fellow sufferers. They do not, however, worry nearly as much as the boys suffering from invisible wounds, wounds of the spirit and the mind. The wounded boys with war neuroses are carrying an added burden. They fear that their families and friends will think them insane, although most have only simple cases of combat fatigue.

The usual treatment for combat fatigue is rest, good food, occupational therapy and psychotherapy. The Navy has developed a new kind of group psychotherapy which was first employed with great success in combat zones and aboard hospital ships. It is used today at the Norfolk Naval Hospital and at the Swarthmore Convalescent Center, adjunct to the big Philadelphia Naval Hospital.

The air forces, more than any other branch of the service up to now, have concentrated on convalescent care. I saw the system working at its best at Pawling, N. Y., in an air forces hospital under the direction of a sympathetic Missouri doctor, Maj. Buell Menefee. Although the hospital is only 75 miles from New York City, it seems much more remote. The installation includes a 540-acre farm. Whenever the men become tired of hospital routine they can try their hand at milking one of the 20 registered Guernseys or feeding some of the 1,200 Plymouth Rock chickens. The combination of the best medical care, good country food, fresh air, and well-planned activities works magic on tired minds and bodies.

One very large group will be the wounded returning less an arm or a leg. But the strong young men who have lost their limbs face a life which some regard as more terrifying than death. They must walk and live again.

The Army's big centers for the care of such wounded are at Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, D.C., and Percy Jones General Hospital in Battle Creek, Mich. Navy centers are at Philadelphia and San Francisco. In those hospitals maimed soldiers are fitted out and taught how to use their artificial arms and legs. In the first World War wounded soldiers suffered unnecessary hardships by being sent home before they were accustomed to their new devices. Not in this war. Now, before they are discharged, the boys are taught the everyday movements. They practice getting on and off a make-be-

lieve bus step and a curb. Some even learn to dance a little. All will be given vocational training to prepare them for earning a living in what may have to be a new field.

I walked down an amputation ward at Walter Reed with a soldier who had lost his left leg. Hank was moving a little uncertainly on his new crutches. Suddenly there was a crash and his crutches went flying to the floor. The whole ward howled with laughter. I looked around quickly and saw that one of his fellow patients had deliberately kicked the crutches from under him. Hank grinned and went hopping back up the ward on his good leg.

I protested this barbarous practical joke to the doctor in charge. He smiled and said, "Young lady, that was no practical joke. It's one of the best games we play around here. Teaches the boy straight off that he can really get around on one leg."

As a result of the planned comradery and therapy at the hospital the men quickly lose their fear of being failures, but they almost never overcome the fear of the dread moment when their families must be notified. One Cleveland soldier told me of his horror when telephoning his mother to tell her a German hand grenade had taken his leg at Pompeii. "She cried something awful," he said painfully. And then wistfully, "Guess she doesn't realize how lucky I was not to get it worse."

The blind, the battle-shocked and the permanently wounded are the more dramatic casualties of the war. Also returning, however, are many with ar-

thrititis, chronic bronchitis, dysentery, heart disease, and malaria. Filariasis, like malaria a mosquito-borne disease, also accounts for some casualties. While few men die of malaria today, those with recurrent malaria will have a long, uncertain hospitalization.

The doctors and nurses here at home are doing a splendid and thorough job with the wounded, a job as spectacular as their brother officers are doing in the field. Together the armed services are losing only three boys out of each 100 wounded.



Answers to Questions on Page 32

1. MIT BRENNENDER SORGE (German). *With Ardent Concern*; encyclical by Pius XI in which he excoriated National Socialism.

2. NON ABBIAMO BISOGNO (Italian). *We Have No Need*; encyclical issued in 1931 in which the Pope declared fascism to be incompatible with Catholicism. Was smuggled out of Italy by Monsignor Spellman.

3. OSSERVATORE ROMANO (Italian). Semi-official organ of the Vatican. During the invasion of Poland it was the only newspaper in Italy which printed the facts of this invasion and all Allied communiques; as a result its circulation jumped from 40,000 to 130,000.

4. PALAZZO VENEZIA (Italian). Building in Rome which contained Mussolini's office and from the balconies of which the Duce used to deliver his speeches.

5. QUADRAGESIMO ANNO (Latin). *In the Fortieth Year*; encyclical by Pius XI, outlining a better social order. It was published May 15, 1931, on the 40th anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*.

6. RERUM NOVARUM (Latin). *About New Things*; famous encyclical (1891) by Leo XIII, urging that capital recognize labor's right to decent working conditions and its fair share in the profits of industry.

7. ROTA (Latin). Shortened form of Sacra Romana Rota, which is one of the three tribunals of the Roman Curia of the Church with jurisdiction over civil and ecclesiastic cases.

8. SAORSTAT EIREANN (Gaelic). Irish Free State.

9. SINN FEIN (Gaelic). "We Ourselves"; name of a political party founded in 1905 to promote Home Rule in Ireland.

10. VILLA TORLONIA (Italian). Beautiful villa on the outskirts of Rome which served as residence for Mussolini. Originally belonged to a prince of that name, member of a well-known banking family, who, wishing to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the new ruler, loaned it to him one warm summer, and Il Duce failed to vacate it.

11. ZUCHETTO (Italian). Small round skull cap worn by Catholic ecclesiastics; the pope's is white; a cardinal's red; a bishop's violet; that of others is black.

A Lovely Evening

Eupeptic vs. dyspeptic

By DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

Condensed from his column*

I brought a watch into the little jewelry shop uptown. The ancient watchmaker crouched behind his case, eyepiece in eye, watch in hand. He ignored my presence. Quite obviously he was concentrating on some delicate operation. But he finished that, took out the eyepiece again, ignoring me with a disciplinary emphasis.

Finally he laid down his watch, eyepiece, and tools, rose laboriously, fiddled with some more stuff, and then came toward me. He didn't look at me, and the strange sound was probably a "Well?"

I explained that my watch needed a crystal. "That will take a long time," he said.

I explained that I needed the watch for a trip within three days. He shrugged his shoulders. So I picked up my watch and the crumbling remnants of myself and went away.

But I wasn't too put out. Indeed, I grew philosophical. "It's a matter of disposition," I reasoned. "You've got a nice disposition or you have not. Of course, you can work on a bad disposition and improve it, or you can neglect a good disposition and let it go to rot. But this poor old dyspeptic evidently had started with a bad disposition and neglected it besides."

I sat me down in the Boston Oyster House of the Morrison Hotel to eat a

solitary dinner between trains. I propped up my book against the table furniture and waited patiently. Restaurants, like everything else, are understaffed these days, and one takes it for granted that service will be slow.

Then up to my table came the little waitress.

"Good evening, Father," she positively trilled. "Isn't this a lovely evening?"

It wasn't, but it suddenly was.

"What would you like for dinner, Father?" and she handed me the menu as if it was a bouquet of flowers.

I selected quickly; it was not Friday, but the Boston Oyster House lives up to its rightly famous reputation in the way it serves fish.

"I'm not sure we still have that," she said regretfully, as if a disappointment in my entree touched her personally, "but let me see."

She came back with my shrimp cocktail, her face all aglow.

"Yes, we have it, Father, and I ordered it for you."

She was gone, and I saw that besides myself she was caring for a young soldier and his girl, positively brooding over them without, however, intruding on their *tete-a-tete*; also, a table for four; and a third, rather insistent, table that kept calling for a variety of things, most of which lay right before them.

*Along the Way. NCWC. 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, 5, D. C. April 20, 1944.

And she smiled and smiled. Not a hand-carved, artificial smile, but one as natural as the swift way she moved about among the diners.

Once as she passed back of my chair, I couldn't help but notice that she was humming a little tune, while she carried a tray altogether too heavy for her slight self.

"Everything all right?" she asked on her next trip. I agreed heartily and ventured, "Are you always this cheerful?"

"Why not be?" she demanded logically enough. "I have a customer who often comes in mornings. 'Renee,' he says to me, 'when the day ahead looks bad, I like to come in and get a cup of coffee from you. It can't be such a bad day when you're as cheerful as you are.'"

"Renee," I repeated tentatively after her; "that's a French name, isn't it?"

"Dad and mother both came from Paris, to Canada. I was born in Montreal."

She was off and back with my tea.

"We haven't green tea; you know how things are with tea these days. But will this black do as well?"

I, who don't know black from purple tea, agreed willingly. If she had handed me a steaming pot of bluing, I probably would have nodded.

"This waiting on table is heavy work for a girl," I ventured.

"Well, I wanted to dance; no, not on the stage, but to teach it. Went two years to the university to prepare for teaching in the playgrounds. But you know how things are." This was smilingly vague, but I could imagine how a lot of things are. "And this is nice."

Very nice, I thought, when you have a disposition like that.

I followed her recommendation for dessert and paid my check.

"Thank you, Father," she said. "I hope you enjoyed your dinner. Do come in again."

It was the gracious invitation of a particularly successful hostess to a particularly favored guest. I'm sure she said it with an equal cordiality to the transient soldier and his girl, to the foursome, and to the insistent diners who were paying for a dinner and, doggone it, were going to get what they paid for! To Renee it was all wonderful; we were all charming.

Yes, it's a matter of disposition, I guess. But aren't those the lucky people who have a nice one or who cultivate what they have until it looks and sounds nice?

A respectful bow to a charming disposition called Renee.



No matter what critics say, it is scarcely deniable that the Church apostolic, through the encyclicals and other papal pronouncements, has been fighting against totalitarianism more knowingly, devoutly, and authoritatively, and for a longer time, than any other organized power.

Time (16 Aug. '42).

Our Latin-American Allies

By VIRGINIA PREWETT

Our bread floats home

Condensed from a book*

In evaluating Latin America's role in the second World War and also in weighing the U. S. policy that led it to play that role, it should be remembered that circumstances made that part of the world far more important to us on Dec. 8 than it had been on Dec. 6. There are two main reasons why this was so.

Latin America was the producer of vital supplies: copper, zinc, manganese, aluminum, iron, mica, iodine, quartz crystal, mercury, wool, castor oil for airplane lubrication, rare metals such as beryllium, molybdenum, tungsten, titanium, zirconium, hardwoods for naval ships, foods such as coffee and cacao, and many other materials that we needed and were going to need in enormously multiplied quantities to build the military might to defeat our two enemies. It was also our main and only hope for recouping in part at least the inevitable approaching loss of tin, rubber, manila hemp, quinine, tropical oils and other products from the Southwest Pacific.

In the second place, when the Pacific fleet was temporarily neutralized at Pearl Harbor, our most vulnerable spot was the Panama Canal. Crippling the canal would have seriously impeded the re-forming of our sea power in the Pacific. It would have disrupted a net-

work of supply lines between the U. S. and the Pacific area and between this country and raw-materials resources in Latin America. On top of Pearl Harbor, it would have been a staggering blow.

Both Germany and Japan had planned to promote upheavals with Latin America at the right moment. In early 1941, a specific plan for a fifth column uprising against Americans throughout Latin America on a date when Japan should paralyze the Pacific fleet with a surprise blow became known to American authorities in Latin America and to Latin-American governments. A report of the plan was published in an American newspaper by this writer in August, 1941, months before Pearl Harbor. By that time, however, governments in Latin America were taking steps that prevented any such widespread, organized uprising. This did not, however, preclude danger of an attempt against the canal.

The blow could come from two directions. The first was a sneak sea-air attack from the open sea like the one on Pearl Harbor. To guard against this, the U. S. had its widened defense system and sea-air patrols fanning out from the canal area. The other possibility was a sneak attack from some spot in the general area of the canal,

*The Americas and Tomorrow. 1944. By arrangement with E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York City. 292 pp. \$3.

from some jungle airfield or hidden seaplane haven. The canal had even at that time elaborate antiaircraft defenses. But out of a given number of planes, some will get through the best defenses. It would have taken only a few well-placed bombs to do shocking damage. The moral effect, furthermore, would have been tremendous. An important part of canal defense, then, had to come from the efforts of countries in that area to keep any such attacks from being organized and launched.

Let's see what the countries around the canal did.

Costa Rica, just north of Panama, declared war on Japan before we did. On the same day, Dec. 8, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic all declared war on Japan. On the same day, Colombia and Mexico broke off diplomatic relations. Theirs were not empty gestures; they were accompanied by instantaneous clamp-downs everywhere on Japanese nationals and subversive activities. It is a matter of history that all of those nations gave the U. S. the most willing cooperation they could in maintaining an alert defense in the area.

Cuba declared war on Japan on Dec. 9. When Germany and Italy declared war on the U. S. on Dec. 11, the Central American and Caribbean-island republics promptly declared war on them and put the lid on the activities of their nationals also. Mexico broke relations with Germany and Italy on Dec. 11. Colombia broke relations on the 19th. On Dec. 31, Venezuela broke relations

with Germany, Italy and Japan. By Jan. 1, 1942, the cooperative defense bulwark around the democracies' jugular vein in the Middle Americas was complete.

A sharp reaction against Japan was not confined to our close neighbor Mexico and the small Middle American republics. Brazil is by far the largest and most populous of all the Latin-American republics. At noon on Monday, Dec. 8, newspapers in Rio de Janeiro were on the streets with President Vargas' unequivocal statement condemning Japanese aggression and placing Brazil squarely at the side of the U. S. I was in Rio at that date and can report that Brazilians from newspaper vendors to government officials had but one reaction: that when Japan struck the U. S., it meant Brazil, too. "This means all of us," were the words you heard on every hand.

Americans who have the mind to weigh the practical value of fair and cooperative international dealings as against cutthroat tactics, dollar diplomacy and power politics should compare what happened in this hemisphere during the first World War with events immediately following Pearl Harbor. Preceding and during the first World War, the adolescent U. S., which had picked up bad habits of international dealing with growth to world power, had to carry out half a dozen little campaigns against our Latin-American neighbors. We called them a "punitive expedition" and "interventions," but they were still military operations.

But when the Japanese dagger was

thrust into our back on Dec. 7, 1941, the Central American and Caribbean-island countries all came forward to do what they could to meet the danger with us. Mexico, Colombia and the giant Brazil all came forward to stand beside us. Within a few days, Bolivia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Uruguay, Peru and Venezuela issued decrees declaring the U. S. a nonbelligerent, which gave our ships the privilege of using their ports without the 24 hours notice otherwise necessary.

When we weigh the value of cooperation versus noncooperation and look at the money costs incurred in carrying out cooperation, the sums expended by the Inter-Departmental Committee, the few million allocated to the Rockefeller Committee, the relatively small loans made in Latin America by the Export-Import Bank, we should remember that when those nations came forward and took their stand with us to defend the hemisphere, it meant that our bulwark on the south was holding. It meant that our hands in this hemisphere were free; that, moreover, we were to have positive aid from our neighbors.

If our southern defenses had not held and more than held after Pearl Harbor, the situation could have deteriorated progressively toward strangulation for the U. S. and Britain before we could convert industrial and manpower potential into military striking power. Suppose that Latin America had gone against us and the fifth column seized control. Could we have fought Midway and rushed an army to Aus-

tralia with the enemy threatening our soft underside? What would have been our task if, before pushing Germany out of Africa and step by step back through Europe and before we could even begin to push Japan away from Australia's throat or to think of hacking out a place in Asia from which we could hit Japan direct, we first had had to clear out Central America, Mexico, the South American Pacific Coast, Brazil? Suppose we had had to get Latin America's precious raw materials at the point of a gun?

Americans who have the inclination to weigh the value of cooperation versus noncooperation in the international field may remember that after Pearl Harbor, when the situation of Britain and the U. S. was at its most desperate, and Japan in Asia and Germany in Europe were clicking along with their timetables for conquest, solidarity and agreement in the New World meant more than the safety and continued independence of the New World alone. The stake was the survival of national rights to self-determination in the modern world. It was the U. S. policy of conciliation begun by Herbert Hoover and developed into a policy of conciliation and cooperation by the Roosevelt administration that created this saving solidarity in the New World. To practice conciliation and cooperation in foreign policy is to practice democracy in international relations, and it was this that held our southern bulwark and gave the great democracies the time to rally.

Direct U. S. governmental expendi-

tures on the Latin-American cooperative program are infinitesimally small in comparison with the interests that this policy protects there. For the fiscal year 1943-44, the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs was appropriated \$30,735,000. The Inter-Departmental Committee for Cooperation with the American Republics had \$4,500,000, which includes the cost of the Latin-American cooperative cultural-relations program of the Division of Cultural Relations of the State Department. These sums represent the bulk of the money spent except to develop war materials, to construct bases, for lend-lease or other strictly war operations. The official report exploding the absurd Butler charge of billions wasted in Latin America showed that from July 1, 1940, to June 30, 1943, war supplies and ships, including outlays for procurement, came to \$1,102,637,000. Lend-lease less repayments amounted to \$87,453,000; the Army and Navy less troops and fleet expense, \$158,960,000; State Department, coordinator, Foreign Economic Office, and all other agencies, \$71,579,000; Export-Import loans less repayments, \$62,208,000; all other loans, \$536,000: a net total of \$1,483,373,000.

The Coordinator's Office and the Inter-Departmental Committee for four years have had together a yearly average of \$34,038,750.

This yearly average for human defense in 20 countries is approximately the cost of one heavy cruiser—yet it gives us a type of defense that 12 cruisers could not guarantee us. If we must bring it down to terms of cold cash, U. S. citizens sell Latin America from \$300 million to \$500 million of goods a year in normal times. In 1929 we sold them nearly \$1 billion of our products. In 1936, 1937 and 1938 we collected a yearly average of over \$195 million from Latin America in interest and returns on direct investment. This figure has since gone up.

From \$500 to \$700 million of business a year, with a chance of its growing much greater, is not to be risked. Suppose we eventually settle down to spending as much as \$30 million a year on the cooperative program in the Latin-American area. It is a low rate of insurance.

When you consider the fact that our cooperation there secures political and military interests as well, even \$30 million a year for a permanent cooperative program would be low.



Two Irishmen who had joined the British 8th Army were manning an anti-aircraft gun, firing on German planes over Italy. After each shot Pat shouted, "Up, Dev!" Mike, his friend, asked Pat why the enthusiasm for De Valera. Said Pat, "He's the one who kept us neutral, isn't he?"

Daniel A. Lord, S.J., in the *Queen's Work* (May '44).

St. Thomas Aquinas

Lesson in peace

By GERARD VANN, O.P.

Condensed from a broadcast*

If you had been in Paris in 1256 you would have seen a big man in friar's clothes and Doctor's cap, and the students sitting on the floor round his feet listening to him, and all the city excited over his new-fangled notions: Thomas Aquinas, grandnephew of the Emperor Barbarossa, the man who had run away to be a friar, and was kidnapped by his family and locked up in a castle, but got his own way in the end. He was humble and gentle, in spite of his blood and the power and zest of his mind; but he was also an entirely fearless thinker, so he had many enemies.

In some ways his age was different from our own, first of all, because it was more colorful: a world of chivalry, tournaments, troubadours; the mixture of idealism and adventuring that we call the Crusades; a world in which the hardships of everyday life are lit with a pageantry that we have long since lost. It was Europe's springtime: the heyday of lyric poetry, the sense of adventure and discovery, with students singing their way across Europe to Paris. Paris at this time was the center of learning, of the life of the mind, and in those days Europe had not yet learned to judge things on their cash returns.

In other ways it was an age very like our own, an age of great intellectual turmoil. In the previous centuries they

had been struggling to create order out of the chaos of the Dark Ages; and it was a job that took them all their time. But the love of learning and culture was not dead; and the 12th and 13th centuries are full of the thrill and zest of renaissance: the renewal of literature, the quest for scientific knowledge, above all the passionate search for wisdom. But that search for wisdom was made difficult for them, as it is for us, by the din of opposing doctrines. Some did not believe in God; some did not believe in reason; and a good many fell foul of culture and human learning.

The age was unlike our own because of its supreme reverence for the life of the mind; but it was like our own in the fact that there were more problems than there were clear answers to them, and that the problems went to the heart of things. Is there a God? If so, can we know Him? If so, what effect will that have on the business and the fun of life, on learning and poetry, reason and science, love and laughter, on the politics of the mighty and the economics of Everyman. The clash of opinions was complex and furious; but in the main you can see two opposing camps: the people who held that this life was worth living, and had little use for any other, and the people who held that the next life was the only one worth living

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March 2, 1944.

for, and dismissed the present with a shrug. Then came Thomas Aquinas, to explain quietly but firmly that both sides were wrong. What he has to offer is just what so many today feel they need: a view of the world and of life, and all that life includes and means for us as a single whole.

The whole basis of his thought is this: if it is wrong to give up the faith for the sake of reason, it is also wrong to give up reason for the sake of faith. And why? Because in each case you are betraying the truth. In the last resort it is the same betrayal, for truth is one, being God Himself.

A comprehensive picture of life as Thomas saw it is set out in the *Summa Theologica*. It is a large work; but he made it as concise as he could, and if you think of the vast ground it covers, you will not be surprised at its length.

It is divided into three main parts. In the first part, you start with what reason can discover for itself about God; you go on to see how far reason can penetrate into the deepest mysteries of the Godhead as revealed by faith. Then you have the vision of the universe as a whole, coming from God and ruled by God; the universe as a harmony of graded and interdependent beings, penetrated through and through by the power and presence of God, who sustains it. Then there is the study of man in particular, and of his place in the scheme of the universe. St. Thomas saw the whole universe evolving in a great circular movement, coming forth from God and returning to Him; but the scheme is marred by the

gigantic force of evil in the world; the circle is twisted awry; and man in particular has not only lost his destiny, but is even unaware that he has one. So you come to the second main part of the book: the real end of man, and the way to achieve it.

At this point you enter the realm of morals. You begin with the discussion of the ultimate purpose of life; then there is a deep psychological analysis of the emotions, and of the role of mind and will in human freedom; and then you go on to the use we can make of freedom; the actions and habits that restore us to wholeness, to union with God and the universe, so that we begin here and now to live the life of heaven; or, on the other hand, the actions and habits that harden us in our isolation and our inner lack of harmony, so that eventually we condemn ourselves to complete loneliness and ugliness, the life of hell. And under this ultimate fate that we forge for ourselves for good or ill, and ruled by it, are all the more immediate ends of life, so important because it is precisely through them that the ultimate aim is lost or won. There is the sort of life a man chooses: his work, play, and all the things he loves and does and learns and teaches; there is the social world of economics and industry; there is the world of politics, and the whole vast structure of international order.

But the universe has become twisted away from God; the circle is broken; and there is no merely human power that can overcome the power of evil. And so you come to the third main

part of the *Summa*: to Christ the Saviour, in whose power alone the evil can be vanquished, and man and the universe gradually restored, through the life and power of Christ abiding with us in His Church and His sacraments, restored to the gladness and the glory which are the infinite fulfillment of the heart's desire.

Here is one simple example of St. Thomas's thought and manner. If you want real peace, according to Thomas, you have to realize that justice is not enough. He tells us peace is two things. It is first of all concord; and you get concord only when people manage to agree about something that concerns them all, we might say international trade, for instance. But it is more than that. It is also something within the heart of every man. It means that all the desires of the heart are reconciled and unified; for you cannot be at peace if you are all the time being pulled in opposite directions. Now, each of these two things, peace within ourselves and peace with one another, according to Thomas, can be brought about by one thing only: love. Here are his words: "Love will bring us peace within ourselves when we love God with our whole hearts, so that we see all things in relation to Him; for then all our desires will be part of one single desire. And love will bring us peace with one another when we love our fellow men as ourselves, for this makes us want to

fulfill their heart's desire as though it were our own."

Now, what Thomas Aquinas is saying in this last bit is that you have to will, that is, you have to be determined, that all the ordinary people in all the countries of the world shall have bread and work, and freedom to think, talk, worship, and make their own lives; and you have to be just as determined that they shall have these things as you are to have them yourself. And so, he concludes, you can say that justice produces peace indirectly because "it gets rid of the things that prevent peace; but directly, peace is the fruit only of love; for love is the force that unifies, and peace is unity of desire."

St. Thomas never finished the third part of the *Summa*. Shortly before he died he said a very extraordinary thing. He was then in his 40's, one of the leading European figures, his life still an endless round of teaching the young and advising popes and kings. What he said was this: "I can do no more; such things have been shown me that all I have written seems to me just so much straw." He had not lost his faith in reason; far from it. But he had always been a great man of prayer and he knew there are ways of learning to discern God and reality that go far beyond what reason and faith combined can tell us. There came a time when he felt he wanted to express the inexpressible, and that, even for him, was impossible.

Human nature is queer. When we're right we credit our judgment; when we're wrong we curse our luck.—T. A. Lahey, C.S.C.

Catholics in Naziland

By THOMAS KERNAN

Condensed from *The Sign**

From whom reason has not fled

From January, 1943, to March, 1944, I was a parishioner of the *Stiftskirche* in Baden, Germany, one of a group of American diplomatic hostages interned in Baden. When we went to Mass a member of the Gestapo accompanied us to the door and was always waiting for us at the end of the service. But go to the *Stiftskirche* we did, Sunday after Sunday, and I have seldom seen a parish where the services were more beautifully conducted, where the music was more inspiring; where the Masses were so filled to overflowing, the Communion so numerous. The same is told me of other parishes in all parts of Germany.

Perhaps this is not what you expect to hear about the Catholic Church in wartime Germany, because for years the Catholic press has been abolished, the Catholic organizations disbanded, the convent schools suppressed, religious instruction limited by annoying rules, abbeys and monasteries closed on spurious charges. But it is the truth that there exists today a rich spiritual life in which the German family, in its anguish over its lost sons and in its forebodings for the future, has turned to the comfort and refuge of the ancient Church.

There is no reason to believe that this is merely an emotional wartime phenomenon. Through the decade of

persecution the Catholic population of south Germany has remained extremely faithful and, if a few weak souls have slipped away, there has been a corresponding strengthening in the devotion of those who have remained true. There have been compromises for the sake of peace. The German hierarchy has lost many of the things that make for the full and perfect life of the Catholic community, but it has managed to hold fast to the nucleus of it all: the churches themselves and the sacraments.

It is common knowledge that in the years from 1933 to 1939, the German bishops fought the Nazi regime. They used whatever influence and prestige they possessed, for actual minority political power cannot exist in a totalitarian state. The names of the leading prelates, Cardinal Faulhaber, Bishop von Preysing, Bishop von Galen, and Archbishop Konrad Grober of Freiburg are familiar through many documents that reached us before the war. But what is news of great importance is that during wartime, when the element of patriotism dominates, and possible charges of subversion and treason might meet a misguided statement, the bishops continue to state their Christian principles, and continue to refute Nazi untruths.

Their principal means is the pastoral

**Union City, N. J. May, 1944.*

letter, read from the pulpits. There, even the Gestapo has not yet dared to intervene. No copy of the pastorals may be printed. But from the pulpit, the last refuge of free speech in Germany, the Catholic pastors still read the letters of their bishops, stating in no uncertain terms the opposition of the Catholic Church to the heresies and restrictions of the all-powerful regime.

While I was in Baden one such pastoral letter was promulgated approximately every two months. We were in the Freiburg archdiocese and the letters were written by Archbishop Konrad Grober. Four of them made a special impression upon me.

One reviewed the handicaps to Catholic education. An ancient privilege, that of catechism classes in the public schools, conducted by a visiting priest or nun, was in danger of being withdrawn. It was only here in Baden that the privilege had survived so long; elsewhere in Germany the children had to go, in their spare time, to the parish house. The Archbishop declared, in effect, "how stupid is the regime that does not realize that the best bulwark against the bolshevism that Germany fears is the Christian education of Germany's children."

A second letter protested against a ruling that, in case a child were dying in a public hospital, a priest could not be sent for to administer Baptism. Every Catholic was reminded of his duty, under pain of mortal sin, to baptize the child himself, and the instructions for infant Baptism were read from the pulpit. In the same letter the Archbishop

again deplored the taking of all charities from the Catholic Communities, centering them in the cold, professional hands of the socialist state. Thereby, the Archbishop said, is removed from Catholic people the principal means of exemplifying in good works Christ's Gospel of love for our fellow men.

A third letter protested against the hours at which the meetings of the Hitler Youth were held—the roll is called early Sunday mornings—just to make it difficult for the children to get to Mass. Parents were reminded of their duty, no matter how difficult for themselves and the children, to get their children to a Mass still earlier than the roll call. In fact, there were many children who attended the 6:30 Mass at Baden, and we could see them sleepily leaving the church as we arrived there occasionally for Mass at seven. In some parishes where the local situation was especially bad, Mass was said for the children at 5:30 in the afternoon.

A fourth letter, read in two installments on succeeding Sundays, demolished Rosenberg's thesis of racial supremacy. Germans were reminded that no race of men can set itself up as superior to all others, and that we are all brothers in Christ. Conversely, no man, solely because of his race, must be subjected to sanctions. When you realize how basic the doctrine of the *Herrenvolk* has become in all nazi thinking and planning, you will realize the courage of this attack in wartime upon an official tenet.

The regime has not dared to stop such letters. Does this mean that the

German Catholics are in dissent from their nation in wartime, and that they might form the nucleus of a revolution? The answer is: decidedly no, not during the war. The German Catholics are loyal Germans. Their country is in a war that is, without any doubt to them, a struggle for its national existence, and even though the German Catholic may often feel that the war was unnecessary, and even unjust, his allegiance to his country is such that he will fight and shed his blood when his government calls on him to do so. He makes a distinction between the regime and the fatherland, just as many Americans, perhaps, make a distinction between the New Deal and America. So the German Catholic fights beside the nazi of his own age. In fact, on the Russian front, the German soldier has convinced himself, be he Catholic or nonbeliever, that he is fighting for the defense of European civilization, and specifically for the defense of the Christian Church. His propaganda has told him this, and he believes it implicitly, because the Reich's clever propagandists have summoned up just enough evidences and arguments to make this thesis seem plausible and even inescapable.

The German Catholic knows that the Church has had troubles with the nazi regime, but at least the Church is there. The buildings are maintained beautifully, by state funds. There is coal to heat the church. Except for stretcher-bearer service, the German priest is never drafted into armed service, as is the French priest, and is never called

upon to shed blood. There are chaplains with all regiments in the field. There are nuns in the Army hospitals. Though conditions are far from perfect, and the religious life of the rising generation menaced, the Catholic Church does exist in Germany, vitally. Contrast with this, nazi propaganda tells the German Catholic, the condition of religion in Russia. For 25 years the churches have been closed, and many priests have been killed. Whatever may be the troubles of the Church in Germany, it is well off compared to religious institutions in Russia. In a Russian-dominated Europe, the German hierarchy fears that it would go the way of the patriarch Tychon.

Since Germany's conflict has become more and more a war against Russia, the German soldier imagines himself more and more a crusader. He would be very glad to call off the crusade, it is true, if he felt there were any great chance of getting a break out of an armistice, but, as he knows that too much blood has been spilled to make this possible, he is prepared to fight on. If he dies in Russia, he is considered not only a martyr for his country, but even for his religion.

The German Catholic's attitude toward America and England is, like that of most Germans, strangely impersonal: so far the war has been fought on a large scale only in the East. A certain hostility has been brewed up, however, by the destruction we have visited on German cathedrals and churches, and the greatest treasures of Catholic art. Obviously, in the mass bombings of Ger-

man cities, many churches are bound to be hit along with railroad stations and factories. Just as obviously, a propaganda ministry is going to play up the hits on hospitals, churches, and homes, and forget to mention the factories. The Catholic cathedrals of Cologne, Treves, Aachen, Münster, and the ancient Gothic and baroque churches of Stuttgart, Nuremburg, Augsburg, and Munich have been very severely injured by Allied bombings. All this has been played up by the Goebbels-controlled newspapers, with endless pictures, lists and details.

As far as Italy is concerned, the destruction of cathedrals and churches has reached a new high, and much publicity was given in Germany to the statement by the superintendent of buildings of the Vatican that, before Dec. 1, over 19 billion lire of damage had been done to church buildings alone, without reference to the destruction of art treasures and equipment. The unfortunate bombing of the Vatican, naturally blamed on an American plane, with all sorts of supposed evidence, and the destruction of Monte Cassino have added to German Catholic doubts over the idealism of the United Nations.

Viewing these various facts, the natural fear of Russia, and the reputed gangsterism of the Americans, the German Catholic is for the moment loyal to his fatherland, and will give a good account of his loyalty.

Within Germany are an estimated 11 million foreign prisoners and workers. This figure may be exaggerated,

but the total is certainly not less than 9 million. Of these, many are Catholics. The German clergy can do very little for the prisoners still detained in prison camps, but there are usually some priests in every *Offlag* and *Stalag*, and the German Army chaplains have usually succeeded in supplying them with the necessities for religious services, or made it possible for those priests to procure the necessary equipment from their own countries. All the normal canonical rules fall by the wayside in such instances, and I know of cases in which camps of Polish prisoners, without a priest, have been supplied with consecrated Hosts for Communion on Easter and Christmas, brought to them by lay ambulance drivers.

Among the millions of foreign workers and "liberated" prisoners in Germany there are naturally many Catholics. I would see many of them at Mass in Baden. We all forgot our nationalities and enmities under the soaring Gothic vaults of the ancient church. On Christmas I knelt at the Communion rail and, as I stood up, I happened to notice that on each side of me was a soldier in the ugly gray-green of the German Army.

To take care of confessions of the foreign workers, the German priests have worked out a curious device, a little printed book in 14 languages, including Ukrainian, Croatian, and Flemish, in which the penitent who can speak no German looks up his sin in the index and points it out in the book to the German priest.

But if the German Catholics are de-

cent in their attitude to the foreigners inside Germany, you may well ask a question: do not the German Catholics share in the guilt of the German people for the atrocities in occupied countries, for the death chambers for German Jews, and death ditches of the Polish patriots? This question is not difficult to answer. The German Catholics, and for that matter the common German people, share no guilt for the German atrocities, for the simple reason that they have never heard of them. No one within Germany has the slightest idea of the atrocities that are reported daily in the American press. Even the soldiers who come back on leave from Russia and from Poland never speak of them and claim never to have heard of them. The German people know that for infringements of occupation laws there are severe penalties, including frequent death penalties. They believe, however, because they are told so, that the executions are the result of testimony given and judgments rendered by competent courts.

They believe, because they have been told so, that there are great concentrations of Jews in the *Gouvernement General*, where Jews are being settled on the land and set up as artisans. They believe that the Jews, as a community, did harm to Germany during the Weimar Republic, and that in the long run the settlement of European Jewry in southern Poland will be a good thing

for the peace of Europe and for the Jew himself. The average German is blissfully ignorant, and he would be genuinely shocked to hear of the frightful conditions under which this settlement has been made, nor will he believe such hearsay testimony as foreigners like myself, cut off from documentation, were able to adduce.

The Germans as a people have many faults, all too many, and a Europe dominated by them is unthinkable. But there are many millions of them, and they will continue to inhabit the heart of continental Europe after the war. In this postwar Germany, I regard the Catholics to be one of the few groups, and perhaps the only group, that is available for us to treat with for the creation of a new and peaceful state. It is the only body of the German people that is not deeply and indelibly tainted by the teachings of nazism, which will take many years to teach out. Perhaps the old Catholic party, the Centrum, is not desirable, but there must be, immediately after the war, some political expression of the reserve that the German Catholics have held from the nazi political thought, and there must be some world appreciation of the role that the Catholic bishops have played in maintaining their witness to the truth, at greater personal danger than any bishop of America, England, or France has known in modern times.

The Church militant is always unpopular. It is only a Church dormant which can hope for toleration.

From *Come What May* by Arnold Lunn (Little, Brown, 1941).

Episode in Cooperation

By J. M. ARETZ

Each his brother's keeper

Condensed from *Social Justice Review**

In 1897 I taught the parochial school at Victoria, Minn., my home parish, where I lived until I was 30 years of age. Every parishioner was a farmer. In addition to the Catholic parish there was a congregation of Moravians, or *Herrenhuter*, as we call them in German. These two groups had little in common, except mutual suspicion.

Economically they were alike, most of the farmers carrying a heavy debt on which they paid 8 to 10% interest. Grain yields were getting smaller but wheat nevertheless brought only 45c a bushel, hogs 3c a hundredweight, and fat cattle about the same. Every farmer had a few cows and all of them produced butter, the price of which varied from 3 to 10c a pound, according to color, flavor and odor. Some farmers delivered their whole milk to a private creamery and received as high as 40c a hundred pounds.

One day some of my pupils spoke about a man selling shares in a creamery to be established in Victoria. A few farmers had already signed at \$100 a share. This information spurred me to action. I dismissed school, and told the children to ask their fathers to attend a meeting at the school that evening. Almost all the men of the parish attended.

The man canvassing the community was the same schemer who had recently

operated in another county. I suggested to the men that, should they want a creamery, they themselves could build and operate it. "Where will we get the money?" they asked. "What do we know about running a business?" I replied, "Where there is a will there is a way. Let us call in our Moravian neighbors, and have another meeting next week."

The day and hour for meeting was determined, and meanwhile I wrote to the state College of Agriculture for information regarding organization and operation of a cooperative creamery, and what legal measures had to be respected. The answer came back that no law governing cooperatives existed and that if we did not care to carry on as a partnership it would be necessary to organize a corporation. However, Dr. Haecker, at that time professor of animal husbandry in the state university, offered a valuable pointer. He said the most important factor in the successful operation of a creamery was a steady supply of milk, and if we could not depend on at least 500 milking cows at all times the creamery would fail.

The second meeting was attended by a goodly number of our Moravian neighbors, and to the surprise of most of us, they manifested great interest and expressed their willingness to cooperate. So a committee was entrusted

*3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis, 8, Mo. May, 1944.

with the task of taking a census of available milk cows and to ascertain the reaction of all the farmers to our plans. A second committee was to ascertain the cost of the necessary building. They reported that \$3,000 would suffice. The local postmaster, a Baptist, donated the building site. At the third meeting 65 farmers, owners of 550 cows, unanimously voted to organize a co-op; temporary officers were elected; and the question arose once more, "Where is the money to come from?" This much was certain: the members of the newly organized association did not wish to inaugurate a stock company nor were they willing to sign a joint note. But they were willing to risk a dollar a cow. In this manner \$550 was raised. But where was the balance of \$2,500 to come from?

At this juncture one of our Catholic men said, "My credit at the bank is good for \$500; if four other farmers with the same credit rating will join me, we'll borrow the money we need on a joint note." Two Catholics and two Moravians agreed to accept the financial risk with the proponent. Their unselfish action prompted still another to move that I should draw up an agreement, to be signed by all of the members, vesting title to the creamery in these five men until the debt had been paid off in full from a sinking fund of 2c per pound of butter manufactured. This plan was adopted.

Within a few months the undertak-

ing was flourishing. The \$550 was the only money the farmers took out of their pockets to build, expand, improve and rebuild the present plant, valued at \$50,000.

During the first year the creamery paid out to farmers about \$14,000; at present \$200,000 is distributed annually in milk checks. A beautiful village has grown up around this plant; every type of business is represented in the community. The farmers are prosperous and happy. There are fine schools, parochial and public. The Moravians have built a home for the aged, and throughout the community the people cooperate in many other ways. Best of all, there now prevails among Catholics, Moravians, Baptists, and Lutherans that neighborly spirit and confidence which is so necessary to a healthy community. When I commented on this fact in a conversation with a Lutheran friend in Victoria, he coolly said, "The cows did it."

Not quite so. The cows were no innovation in this community. It was the aroused spirit of mutual aid, natural to man, that brought about the fortunate change. The farmers, all of them Christians, were reminded by their common need of the possibility of cooperating, and so promoting the welfare of individuals as well as of the community. They achieved success, because they were born cooperators, so to say, men imbued with the conviction that their neighbor is indeed their brother.

Soldiers Without Weapons

By GORDON GASKILL

With benefit of clergy

Condensed from the *American Magazine**

It was bright moonlight, so bright that if the priest had stood in white vestments, the Germans could have seen him a mile away. Furthermore, if the soldiers gathered for Mass, they would make a compact target for a single shell. It was simply too dangerous to have Mass, with vestments and candles. Yet the men wanted it, for they were attacking at dawn. And Father Edward Waters wanted to offer it.

So they began digging one of the world's strangest sanctuaries, a hole six feet long, four deep, and four wide. They spread a blanket on the bottom, and there Father Waters set up his altar.

He had to speak louder than usual that night, for his congregation was widely scattered, each man kneeling in his own foxhole. The priest's white-robed shoulders barely projected from the pit, and the candles were covered by C-ration cans, slitted so they glimmered only toward the congregation, not toward the near-by Germans.

So in the morning the men attacked, feeling much better in their hearts and much warmer, if that were possible, toward Father Waters, of Oswego, N. Y.

Father Waters is one of many chaplains I met and talked with on English airfields, on African deserts, and in Sicily and Italy. But they all agree that their chief concern is a gossamer thing

made of everything and yet nothing, a thing as difficult to define as love or beauty. It is an army's most precious weapon, morale.

An Army chaplain, probing the case of a miserably unhappy private, found the man could not become a military policeman because he didn't seem to have the knack of riding a motorcycle. The chaplain, Maj. Joseph D. Andrew, of Lexington, N. C., happened to be a good rider; he borrowed a motorcycle and took the boy out on a quiet road. Here he found the trouble: the boy always forgot to keep tension on the clutch, and nobody had ever noticed it.

A chaplain is a Dutch uncle to talk to, a shoulder to cry on, a wise head to give advice. This isn't as easy as it sounds. First, he must be on constant guard lest he hurt discipline by becoming the soldier's champion against the officers. But even more difficult is the matter of his own relations to men and officers.

"One of our main worries," one chaplain admitted to me, "is deciding just how much to be a good fellow and how much to remain aloof. If we're too dignified and pious, the men don't bring their problems to us. They think we won't understand. But if we're too familiar, if we do everything they do, they lose all respect for us."

Yet one chaplain I know walked the

*250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. June, 1944.

tightrope without falling. Often he sat in bars near his post sipping beer with the boys. Frequently when a soldier came in tight, waving wads of money, the chaplain would say, "Look here, buddy; give me that money, and what's your name?" A couple of days later he would return the money, with a word of advice. Both were always well received.

One day a delegation of local town ministers reproved him for being seen in bars. Their ears are probably still burning. "Christ," he reminded them, "went where the people were. He did not wait for them to come to Him."

Air warfare creates unique problems for chaplains. Fliers often live in comfortable, relatively safe bases, but are transported in a matter of minutes to arenas of deadly hazard. This bewildering mixture of safety and danger, like alternate freezing and thawing, is conducive to strange cases of nerves.

Capt. Adrian Poletti, of Baltimore, Md., a chaplain in England, told me how one of his 8th Air Force pilots, after 12 Fortress missions over Europe, came to him and said calmly, "I just can't go out anymore. I can't stand it."

Captain Poletti let him declaim. "He talked solidly for two hours, and I guess I didn't say more than 12 words in all that time. You could see him relaxing as he talked. When he left, he seemed immeasurably relieved, merely because he'd talked. He had got things off his chest he had been ashamed to admit to anyone else. After that, he dropped in on me three or four times a week, to talk some more. And he fin-

ished his tour of duty, with nobody else ever knowing what he had been through."

Every morning that the Fortresses are going to fly, Catholic airmen come to Father Poletti's hut, immediately after briefing. There he hears their confessions, distributes Communion, and gives general absolution.

Then they go out to assault the fortress Europe. When they come back, Father Poletti is always watching. If a plane fires a flare (which means someone aboard is wounded), he goes out with the ambulance. If the victim is dying, Father Poletti administers Extreme Unction. If not, he accompanies him to the hospital.

Like all chaplains, Father Poletti is called upon to write many letters to families back home, often with grim news. Once, however, an Italian from Brooklyn asked him to write to his father. "He's dying, and he always used to worry because I didn't go to Church much. I think he'd feel better if you let him know that I go every Sunday now."

Especially impressive are services on the eve of a big push. One night, under the gnarled old olive trees of Sicily, a chaplain led 200 men in a song service. They sang the old hymns like *Rock of Ages* and *Onward, Christian Soldiers*.

On another such night an artillery regiment's Catholic chaplain trudged from gun to gun in the darkness, to give all Catholic gunners the opportunity of going to confession. Since the confessions had to be heard in the open, the chaplain had each man stand behind him, talking over his shoulder.

Whereas most front-line Protestant chaplains carry only a small pocket Bible, Catholic services require special paraphernalia. Father Waters showed me his Mass kit, a gift from a White Fathers' monastery near Algiers. "Next to my life," he told me, "this is my most precious possession. It goes where I go, even if I have to leave everything else behind."

The kit, not much larger than a portable typewriter, weighed only 20 pounds, but contained complete supplies for 30 days: his vestments, candles, altar cloths, a small bottle of sacramental wine and a supply of hosts.

America's Catholic soldiers leave a trail of impressive charity. By passing a steel helmet around, they often collect amazing sums. In one town they gave \$250 to redecorate the community building, which they had used several times as a church. They raised several thousand dollars for 63 Benedictine Sisters in a Sicilian convent, whose means had been wiped out by the war.

A chaplain's first duty is to the living, but his grimmest duty is to the dead. According to Army theory, a quartermaster detail is supposed to do the actual burying of bodies, while the chaplain merely conducts the service. But in front-line practice, such a detail rarely appears and chaplains usually do the work themselves, often including the digging of graves.

One night in Sicily a chaplain worked until after midnight to bury 12 bodies, German and American. Then with the five American soldiers and ten Italian prisoners who had helped him,

he held a short service. It was too near enemy lines to fire shots or shine a light. But all removed their caps while he recited the 23rd Psalm in the darkness.

Front-line chaplains go everywhere with their men, face equal danger, and (because, unarmed, they cannot protect themselves) perhaps even more. Furthermore, since the chaplains are generally older than the men, hardship tells more heavily on them. One chaplain I know weighed 245 pounds when he entered the Army. Now, after three campaigns, he weighs 168. He had not had a day off in 17 months.

I shall never forget Chaplain Capt. Raymond F. Copeland, of Irvington, Calif. A Ranger battalion had asked for a chaplain and he was pleading for the job.

The chief of chaplains was doubtful. "You realize," he pointed out, "the Rangers especially need somebody very young and active. You're a little old, aren't you?"

Capt. Copeland, who wears a ribbon from the last war, replied, "Yes, but I've lived outdoors all my life, hiking and mountain-climbing. I'm as tough as a man half my age." He was, too, with a barrel chest and legs like tree trunks. He looked no more than 35, although he was probably no less than ten years older.

At that very moment those particular Rangers were somewhere in Italy, almost isolated by enemy troops! That didn't worry Capt. Copeland. "I could parachute in to them," he persisted. I don't know whether he ever got there.

If he did, I'll bet the Rangers were satisfied. Spirit like that and common danger shared in the cannon's mouth make combat chaplains integral parts of their units.

From a strict military point of view, a chaplain at the front is a liability: another person to be fed, transported, and protected. Yet the presence of a chaplain has a deep value that all commanders and soldiers recognize. An infantry sergeant put it this way, "It gives me a feeling of confidence to know there's a chaplain around and that he isn't scared to go where I go. And it's nice to know that if I get it, I won't be buried in some unknown grave. Our chaplain sticks so close to us he sees almost every man fall and knows just who and where he is."

If you talk with the men, even a short time, you'll hear admiring tales of chaplains' gallantry: about men like Capt. Lawrence Deery, of Springfield, Mass., who won two Silver Stars; men like Father Albert Steffens, who taught at Cathedral High in New York City, and now wears a Silver Star and the French Croix de Guerre. "He'd do anything," they say of Father Steffens. "Once there was a body so badly decomposed that nobody was willing to touch it. But Father Steffens lifted it on his back and carried it nearly a mile to a jeep."

About men like Capt. Fred E. Andrews, of Beaumont, Texas. I talked to him one afternoon as we walked near the sea. He's a minister of an especially strict sect called the Disciples of Christ. He has never drunk a drop in

his life, but he has promised his men that if the outfit ever gets home, he will drink a glass of beer with them. One glass.

"I think they're looking forward to that as much as they are to getting home," he chuckled. Capt. Fred Andrews is pretty old to be a combat infantry chaplain. Forty, in fact, and looks it. Maybe that is because he has been right beside his men as they fought through Tunisia and Sicily. Once, because of his age, he was to be replaced, against his will. The men got up a round robin respectfully asking that he be kept. He was.

Round robins like that are rare as four-star generals in the Army. When I asked him how it happened, he said he didn't know. But I had talked to some of his men, and I think I know. Maybe it was because of that Good Friday he spent in his jeep, driving wounded men back, under fire, until the jeep literally dripped with blood. Or maybe because he spent 11 furious days in the thick of the fight, with no sleep, burying the dead, comforting the living.

When he finally staggered back to a dressing station, a doctor stared at him, found his temperature was 104, and ordered him to a rear hospital. He spent 35 days there, recovering from fever and exhaustion. When he went back to his unit, nobody but Capt. Fred Andrews was surprised that a Silver Star was waiting for him. He is proud of that Silver Star, but much prouder of his record, "No man in my battalion was ever buried in an unknown grave."

The Protection of a Cultural Heritage

While Dante weeps

By RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

Condensed from a booklet*

The war, particularly in the Mediterranean theater, is exposing historic monuments, works of art, books, manuscripts and other cultural treasures to peril such as they have not faced in any other war in 2,000 years. High explosives and incendiary bombs, indiscriminately used without detailed knowledge of the targets, can in a few brief moments wreak more damage than all the calculated destruction the Vandals and Goths could accomplish in years.

Each generation is the temporary trustee of the riches handed down from the past. The Acropolis in Athens, the Balkan monasteries, Rome's churches, the paintings in Florence, the vast architectural and artistic wealth of all Italy—those treasures are an important portion of our cultural heritage. They are as much a part of the present as the poetry of Shakespeare or the music of Beethoven; and if through our fault they are not also a part of the future, posterity will brush aside any explanation which this generation can make. The Caliph Omar achieved a dubious immortality when his troops burned the library at Alexandria; and the 4th Crusade, a "holy crusade," is remembered today only because it resulted in the destruction of the priceless art of Constantinople.

A year ago the American Council of Learned Societies appointed a Com-

mittee on the Protection of Cultural Treasures in War Areas. With grants from the Rockefeller Foundation, work was begun on a series of maps which show in bold relief the location of libraries, museums, galleries, palaces, churches, and other monuments in each war-area city. This activity has been coordinated with the work of the "monuments officers" of the U. S. Army, persons experienced in art and archeology and assigned to the fighting fronts. The appointment by the Department of State in August, 1943, of the Commission for the Protection and Salvage of Artistic and Historic Monuments, five of whose members already had places on the committee of the American Council of Learned Societies, made it possible to form a single working group in which the latter organization became the operating agency of the official body. The official body has no project funds of its own but serves as a link between the working committee and the government.

The maps upon which the committee is working are supplied to bombing headquarters in the war areas in advance of military operations. Maps of cities ahead of the advancing battle front have been hurried to completion and in some instances have been flown from Washington in a few hours. At this writing, 165 maps have been fur-

*1943 report of the Rockefeller Foundation, New York City. 1944.

nished of Italian cities and towns, including Sicily and Sardinia. Forty of the 55 maps of Greek sites have been finished, all of the Albanian, Bulgarian and Yugoslav maps, and 80 of the 150 planned for France. The mapping of Holland and Denmark is complete, that of Belgium is well along, and work has started on Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary.

How the maps are received is well described in the following message from a monuments officer: "They (the maps) have all come through, happily, and have been placed just where they belong and in the right hands. How rarely does this happen in wartime. The information is in the best possible form, neither too detailed nor too meager. As a matter of fact, the whole post is most enthusiastic over your performance, the British most of all."

The maps are being prepared at the Frick Art Reference Library in New York City, the ordinary activities of this museum having been temporarily

suspended, and the building and its staff placed at the service of the committee. In addition, space at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, as well as its photographic facilities for reproducing maps and other drawings, has been made available. Services are being contributed by individual scholars, libraries, museums and other institutions. The maps represent the collaboration of many authorities; several distinguished refugee scholars have assisted in identifying the location of important objects and collections; and it is doubtful if ever before such detailed information on so many centers of European culture has been compiled.

That in the midst of so bitter a war this activity should receive the wholehearted cooperation of our military authorities is supremely satisfying. Even so, tragic losses are bound to occur and have already occurred, losses which can never be replaced. With all our attempts to limit its destructiveness, modern warfare is a force out of control.



Have you ever noticed, writes a pleasant and very loyal Catholic correspondent, how many people live by a "Non Credo"?

She hastened to explain. The other day she asked time off from her office to get to Mass. Her boss gave her prompt and intelligent permission. But as she was putting on her hat, another girl began a litany of disbeliefs.

"Do you get anything out of going to Mass? I don't believe in it." She paused and added, "Of course, I don't believe in confession either." Then she added about five more things in which she doesn't believe.

So the Catholic girl turned and asked her politely, "Well, in what do you believe?" She replied in a bewildered sort of way that she didn't know.

Summarized my correspondent: "It must be terribly confusing to regulate one's life by a bunch of double and triple negatives."

From the column *Along the Way* by Daniel A. Lord, S.J., N.C.W.C. (27 Aug. '43).

Madame Medium

Phineas T. had a name for them

By BEATRICE MOROSCO

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal**

Spiritualist mediums are again enjoying the lotus-eating days which they had not enjoyed since the last war. In fact, they are doing a better business than in 1917 because there is no longer a Houdini to expose their cruel frauds. Worried wives, grieving widows, mothers with boys overseas are the most gullible victims of this black market in human emotions.

I attended a seance, for purposes of research. The small room in a dilapidated office building was choked to capacity with 50 uncomfortable chairs, all filled. I had barely reached the threshold when a tray on which to deposit the 50c fee was shoved under my nose. Later a basket was passed, to collect slips on which each person had written three questions, with their initials on the outside, and wrapped around some piece of jewelry. An attendant deposited the basket on the desk before the medium, who rubbed her eyes with a dramatic gesture. Presto, the spirits arrived en masse!

Prominently displayed was a certificate that proved to the most skeptical that this was actually a Spiritualist church and the medium a "true minister of the Gospel," for only in this manner can the state laws forbidding fortunetelling be evaded.

The questions were answered at random as the medium dove into the bas-

ket and emerged with a wedding band, diamond wrist watch, bit of jade or flashing costume jewelry; each a monumental clue to its owner. There were times, however, when the spirits became so impatient they interrupted her routine, and she called out in excited tones, "Who has buried a loved one in the last few days?" (There were two women present who wore deep mourning.) To the more recently bereaved she confided this amazing message, "Your husband wants you to know that he's very happy." Surely, if he had no more important message than this, he should have stayed in the cosmic ether where he belonged.

To the servicemen in the audience she told all that they were to be sent overseas. The spirits grew restless a second time. "Who knows a sailor named John or Jack?" she demanded. In a gathering of 50 persons, at least one, by the law of averages, would have to know a sailor named Jack; and sure enough, a frail little woman held up her hand. "At this very moment," continued the medium, in pear-shaped tones, "Jack is engaged in the Pacific the-ay-tre conflict, where he will lose his life." A fine message for civilian morale. The lady left in a torrent of tears.

A few minutes later the medium raised a plump arm for strict attention.

*Salisbury, Pa. April, 1944.

"Who knows an aviation student named Jerry?" I held up my hand, for I have a very close friend who answers that description.

"The spirits want me to tell you not to grieve, but Jerry will lose his life in the next few days," she continued. Fortunately, I didn't take the spirits too seriously for although Jerry is now wearing wings, they are not yet attached to his back.

Nearly all the audience, having had their questions answered and their jewelry returned, had solemnly filed out into the night when the plumpish arm held up a platinum wrist watch and called out my initials. I tried hard to visualize the eerie little ghosts as they whispered my life's secrets to this strange woman but I didn't succeed very well because they were so woefully ignorant on the subject of vital statistics. For some reason they insisted that I had a young son of eight years. When I protested that I was single, the medium blithely decided, "Well, that must be in your future."

The spirits, however, were most optimistic on the outcome of my three specified questions. 1. I should rise to great heights in my chosen career. 2. I most certainly would marry the young man to whom I was engaged. 3. Yes, I would definitely win my pending lawsuit.

Exactly three weeks to the hour I repeated my visit to the medium but due to showers I was clad in last year's raincoat, and I attached a cheap little bar pin, instead of the wrist watch, to a slip bearing the three identical ques-

tions I had put to her before. Through years of experience the mediums have become expert jewelry appraisers. The cheap pin signified failure, so the snobbish spirits reversed their former answers and said: 1. No, I should never succeed in my career, her tone implying that I should take up dishwashing instead. 2. No, the young man and I would never marry, due to a new heart interest on his part. 3. The spirits say I will lose my lawsuit.

I also learned that my honest-to-goodness guiding spirit is a very old lady, on the maternal side, who suffered with a very stiff neck and has dwelt in the spirit world for many, many years. Upon careful study of family archives I find there may be a particle of truth in this statement, for my great-great-grandmother's sister was hung as a Salem witch. The chances are that her poor neck was very stiff.

With evening meetings twice a week and several matinees thrown in for good measure, it is easy to figure the money that is being coined from the grief of the gullible. One male medium, in a massive hall, charges 75c instead of the customary 50c, but here the spirits are much better educated and do not say "I done" or *the-ay-tre*, nor do they give doleful predictions. Surely, it is worth an extra quarter to know that everything is going to be hunky-dory.

I attended seven different seances in all, with the same negative results, although each appeared to be doing a land-office business. The mediums' regular take is supplemented by private

readings at a higher fee. It is little wonder that many of the women seek privacy. Serene, the famous psychic who is not connected with any "church," tells me that the two questions which are asked the most frequently are: 1. Is my husband faithful? 2. Will he live long?

No one has any complaint to make against scientific psychic research, but that is a far cry from the charlatan who sidesteps the law by calling a Coney Island side show a religious service. It is true that some who attend the seances regard them as amusement, the same as they would in having their tea leaves read, but unfortunately the majority come to seek solace in their hour of grief.

The New York Police Department says it is well aware of this ghoulish graft but because the mediums are registered as "churches," they can do little. Public sentiment is aroused if the police molest a spiritualist minister, even though any layman can take a course in a few simple lessons and likewise become "ordained." This instruction is given by the medium and adds considerably to her income.

The shrewdness of the medium is oftentimes amazing. A young policewoman repeatedly asked for a private reading in the hope that the medium would omit the customary prayer camouflage and thus subject herself to arrest for common fortunetelling, but the medium kept out of the trap.



A word of caution is called for as regards good-luck charms, rabbits' feet, and other knickknacks, down to which the veneration of images or medals suddenly seems to have descended. In every dime store you find cheap makes of "St. Christopher Good Luck Charm for Boys in the Service." They turn your stomach. In other cheap-John stores you find gaudy glass and cheap brassy crucifixes offered with blowsy pillow covers, lead wrist charms, rattap frames of movie queens and burlesque tramps. You are invited to buy this assorted junk and send it home with love to mother, father, or your best girl.

A St. Christopher medal, crucifix, scapular, or any sacramental should above all be decent: decently made, decently exhibited, and decently worn. No medal can save the soul, neither can it bring you good luck, so far as the Church is concerned, because the Church does not believe in anything so fantastic as good luck.

No medal nor crucifix should be adored. No medal nor crucifix can send you either to heaven or hell. Indulgences and official Church blessings are attached to proper medals if they are blessed. They are not manufactured for sentimental reasons nor to put money into the pockets of pagans who know nothing about their use.

Chaplain J. P. Kelly in the *USS Wyoming Chaplain's Bulletin*.

Pony With Wings

By MARIE HAYDEN MICHAUD

Faster and faster

Condensed from the *Vincentian**

In 3000 B. C., King Sargon of the Chaldeans established what was probably the first postal service. The kingdom's fleetest runners sped over Asia carrying the words of their masters inscribed on clay tablets. They wore loin-cloth and sandals, and a fillet of gold around the head. The headpiece was worn as a badge of the king, for no one dared assault the king's messenger. Failure to deliver a message, without just cause, was punishable by death. The service was exclusive to the king and a few of his favorites.

Herodotus tells of another era when the king, desiring to send a confidential message, sometimes had the head of a messenger shaved clean and the letter written on his scalp. His hair was then allowed to grow, and at his destination, sometimes weeks later, he was again shaved for reading.

In India, for many years, the mailman was a little brown native who wore a loin-cloth, a brief white coat, and a red turban. He usually traveled at a dog trot and jogged through hidden jungle paths carrying a spear, on the end of which tiny bells jingled to protect him from evil spirits and wild beasts. The little bells seemed effective against the spirits, but they failed to ward off dangerous brutes, and the little brown man would occasionally end up inside a tiger. Replacements were

always found, however, and the mail service went on. Even in Indian jungles, carrying the mail was a sacred obligation.

Old King Sargon would doubtless be amazed at the miracles wrought by our 54,580 miles of air-mail service for typical American indifference, we take our 54,580 miles of air-mail service for granted, dropping a letter into a mailbox on one side of the country, to appear a day later on the other side. In foreign countries more than 50 million letters are delivered by V-mail each month to boys in service. This mail carries the highest priority and is transmitted with remarkable speed for the small charge of three cents. In 1777 our ancestors were paying twice that amount for delivery of a letter within 30 miles. Rates were determined by distance and postage was paid by the addressee upon receipt. A letter going more than 400 miles cost 25c. If it contained more than one page, the cost was double. In 1860 the postage from San Francisco to St. Joseph, Mo., by the famous pony express was \$5. This journey required nine days of hard riding and represented the maximum of speed. No insurance was included in the rate and the fact that your mailman might be picked off by a redskin was incidental.

The first post office in America was

*1405 S. 9th St., St. Louis, 4, Mo. May, 1944.

established in 1639 in Boston by the British. However, their postal service, like their government, was far from satisfactory, and resentment was created by the Crown's claim of right to read all letters to discover malcontents. Not only postal officials, but private citizens as well, were soon claiming the right to censor mail. A writer from the *Virginia Gazette* describes the arrival of letters from England as a general free-for-all. "Of a sudden," he wrote, "a person snatches up a letter and reads the superscription, To John Smith. 'Egad,' says he, 'I must know the contents of this'—and makes off."

The U. S. Postal Service was established July 26, 1775, by the first Continental Congress. Its history is the history of America. Benjamin Franklin became the first Postmaster General; George Washington personally surveyed many of the first post roads; Paul Revere was one of the first post riders; Buffalo Bill rode for the pony express; and for a while, in the small town of New Salem, Ill., the postmaster was a man called Abe Lincoln.

It is almost impossible to realize the magnitude of the task that confronted Franklin when he took over in 1775. Despite his "early-to-bed" maxims, the wise old gentleman must have burned more than a little midnight oil. There were new paths to be charted through the wildernesses. A new postal policy had to be established. Funds had to be obtained through a Congress already burdened with the cost of the Revolution, and Benjamin had other troubles, too, troubles caused by irresponsible

post riders stopping en route to court a pretty maid and quaff a glass of ale or two, or more.

U. S. postal policy has been the subject of numerous bitter debates in Congress, and more than one postmaster general wanted to make the service self-supporting, but the first policy still holds. "All funds above cost shall be expended in establishing new post offices and post routes, so as to make the institution as useful as possible."

The policy of service to the people was a revolution in the principle and purpose of government. There were no "funds above cost" then; they did not even cover cost but, much as this must have irked his thrifty nature, Benjamin Franklin realized that intercommunication between colonies must be maintained at any cost. Without it there could be no unity nor victory. Later, when even the unpaid soldiers threatened mutiny, the postal service was kept in operation and money was secured through French loans to pay the riders. National defense, backed by national unity, was the first objective then, as now.

The Congressional Record contains a plaintive letter from Ebenezer Hazard, who later became Postmaster himself, listing the woes of the postal employee of 1776. Since soldiers "are almost the only persons for whom letters now come by post," Ebenezer had to leave New York to be near Army headquarters. "Frequent removals of the Continental Army have subjected me to extraordinary expense, difficulties, and fatigue," said Ebenezer, indignant be-

cause he was not provided with a horse but had to follow the Army on foot. Congress was moved, for provision was made for employment of extra riders between the armies and their headquarters in Philadelphia, the cost being paid by the Treasury.

From 1783 the mail service expanded steadily until 1853, when Secretary of War Jefferson Davis backed a bill to provide camels for carrying the mails across the California desert. This bill was defeated, but in 1855, after considerable difficulties with the Indians, the bill was again introduced. On the additional grounds that camels could be used as light artillery units and guns could be carried between the humps on their backs, Congress made available \$30,000 for importing 75 camels from Arabia. Natives of Arabia were likewise transplanted to train and care for the camels, but neither animals nor jockeys seemed to appreciate the change. The rocky California desert cut the camels' feet and caused them to bolt and run away. Boots were then provided but these proved to be unsuccessful. The pioneers regarded the camels as a free circus provided for the youngsters by a benevolent government, despite ringing editorials, such as the following in a San Francisco paper: "The camel is the last institution necessary to bend the uninhabitable possessions of the continent into contact and annihilate the wilderness which separates the new from the old world."

But the "last institutions" steadfastly refused to "annihilate the wilderness." Eventually, the camels that were

not sold into bondage were taken to a ranch near Bakersfield. A few wandered into the desert and years later, when a lonely gold prospector in some small western town talked of seeing camels on the desert, the people shook their heads sadly.

Ocean mail service to the west coast was started in 1848 and continued for ten years. It was the great connecting link between the gold settlers and the "States." The arrival of a steamer at San Francisco was a momentous occasion, somewhat like a world-series opener.

However, the thousands of new settlers soon demanded a faster means of communication with the folks back home. A pack-mule line, promptly dubbed "the jackass mail," began running in 1851 from Placerville, Calif., to Salt Lake City, where it connected, sometimes, with an indifferent stage-coach service to the East. Nearly all stage-coach routes in the West were unreliable until 1857, when Congress authorized contracts for the conveyance of mail "from such a point on the Mississippi as the contractors may select, to San Francisco." The point selected was St. Louis, and on Sept. 15, 1858, the first mail coaches left St. Louis and San Francisco simultaneously. Both the east and westbound mail arrived before the 25 days scheduled for the trip had elapsed. Despite swollen rivers, rough trails, and Indian attacks, this mail-coach line operated regularly until the Civil War, when it had to be abandoned.

Meanwhile, on April 3, 1860, Johnny

Frey galloped out of St. Joseph, Mo., on the first ride of the pony express, leaving excited bystanders clutching hairs from his pony's tail for souvenirs. San Francisco, although almost 2,000 miles away, was reached in nine days. The route lay through northeastern Kansas up the valley of the Platte river, over the Rockies, into the arid Great Basin, across the Wasatch range, down through the Salt Lake valley, the terrible alkali deserts of Nevada, and the parched sink of the Carson river, then up through the lofty, snow-covered Sierras, and down into the Sacramento valley where a waiting steamer took the mail to San Francisco. The last relay pony walked off the steamer at San Francisco to a jubilant brass-band reception. Ribbons were thrown around the frightened animal's neck, bonfires were lit, and people marched through the streets shouting and weeping. The era of speed had arrived. Yet, within a year and a half, the gallant pony express gave way to the railroad.

Transporting mail by rail was a decided improvement, but the train of 1863 bore but little resemblance to our modern streamliners. The engine burned wood and used considerable water, and more than once ran out of "food and drink"; then passengers piled out and helped the crew cut and carry wood or formed a bucket line to the nearest water hole.

The coaches resembled stagecoaches. The seats were fearful contraptions of iron with bright red upholstery. They provided no conveniences. During hot weather a train boy came through with

a bucket of water and thirsty travelers drank from the same dipper. Smoke and cinders from the engine covered the passengers thoroughly. The train traveled at the dizzy rate of 15 miles an hour, and frequently, as it rounded a curve, an unwary passenger found himself on the floor.

Following the first World War, the government tried experiments with air mail. On June 23, 1924, the first successful dawn-to-dusk flight was made from New York to San Francisco by Lieut. Russell Maughan. And today, in hundreds of small farming communities scattered from the East to the West, farmers check their watches by the mail planes. Despite war shortages of men and equipment, the mail goes on.

Frank C. Walker is our present Postmaster General. He is a staunch Catholic, a graduate of the University of Notre Dame. He is a soft-spoken, retiring man, a direct opposite of the typical, back-slapping politician. His friendship with the President goes way back to the time when he was just "Mr. Roosevelt." He prefers enjoying a good game of parchesi or spending an evening at home with Mrs. Walker and their two children to attending a session of the Democratic National Committee. In the first World War, he served as an Army first lieutenant. Perhaps he still remembers the importance of a letter from home. At any rate, he is doing his best to give Americans, here and at the front, the service to which they have been accustomed from the U. S. Post Office Department—the pony that grew wings.

The Polish Challenge

By GEORGE GLASGOW

Waiting for the miracle

Condensed from the *Contemporary Review**

As the Soviet Army, pursuing the Germans, penetrates deeper into Polish territory, we are inexorably driven back to the diplomatic problems of 1939 when British delegates to Moscow failed to obtain Russian support for their "peace front." The Russians were realistic, "Your purposes are anti-German. We are willing to help you, for our purpose is more or less the same, but we do not share what you call your idealism. We are realists. You wish to defend Poland, yet you cannot reach her. Russia alone can do that. We demand the right to occupy Poland when Germany threatens her and fight the war to the west, not the east of Poland, on German, not on Russian, soil. We do not mix moral stuff with the stern business of war. You fight with a bomb in one hand and a Bible in the other, and talk of defending right against wrong, weak against strong, and liberty against aggression. We want to get our fist in first."

Negotiations failed because, as the Russians feared, Britain could not consistently denounce aggression by Germany and at the same time approve Soviet occupation. Realizing the futility of such negotiations, Stalin sent for Ribbentrop. Within 24 hours the conventional pact was signed. Hitler understood Stalin better than Chamberlain understood him. Neither attached

importance to words except as they might deceive the enemy. Neither had a moral motive. When in Article I of the pact they enshrined their agreement in these words: "The two contracting powers undertake to refrain from any act of force, any aggressive act, and any attacks against each other or in conjunction with other powers," they were pursuing the same object, and they knew it, namely, the gaining of time. Germany wanted time to invade Poland unhindered, Russia wanted it for the same purpose from the opposite frontier. Germany invaded first, by a margin of 16 days, but the race ended in a virtual dead heat with each in possession of half of its objective. Both parties had gained time, but both knew the real issue had yet to be joined. It was joined two years later when Germany invaded Russia (June 22, 1941). Meanwhile, Russian strategy, like the German, kept Japan inactive by means of a neutrality pact (April 13, 1941). Though those maneuvers made rather a hash of the Anti-Comintern Pact, and the transition from the tactic of holy crusade against the Reds to friendship with them was taken in stride by Germans, there was no comment at Moscow, where all such fictions are appraised at true value.

Today the question of Poland arises with the same force, now tinged with

*46-47 Chancery Lane, W.C. 2, London, England. February, 1944.

irony. Britain in prospect of a victory over Germany faces the circumstance that, due to Russian help in securing it, Poland must be sacrificed. Britain entered war to defend Poland and, victorious in it, she connives at her destruction. Could irony go further?

And Britain is even now accommodating herself to the situation. In the past two years of war nothing was too good for Poland, on the lips of British propagandists. Poland's heroism under German oppression, with not a single quisling to be found, coupled with the heroism of Polish pilots in the Battle of Britain, justified giving everything Polish a fine flourish. Upon Russia's entering the war that flourish gradually diminished until the propaganda featured Poland as something of a nuisance. (Thus on Jan. 6, 1944, the *Daily Herald* stigmatized a Polish government statement of the day before as "hardly helpful.") We have shifted our ground and changed our tactics: a melancholy result of the mixture of moral motives with the immoral business of war.

We have come a long way from the Prime Minister's statement of March 31, 1939, revealing Britain's pledge to the Poles. He said, "Certain consultations are now proceeding with other governments. To make perfectly clear the position of His Majesty's government in the meantime, before these consultations are concluded, I now have to inform the House that during that period, in the event of any action which clearly threatens Polish independence, His Majesty's government

would feel themselves bound at once to lend the Polish government all support in their power. They have given the Polish government assurance to this effect." That pledge defined British policy and was the technical ground for declaration of war. There was no intimation of ambiguities as to boundaries. An embarrassing situation faces Britain in 1944.

There is no embarrassment at all in Russian policy. There has been no departure in Russian strategy from the intention of incorporating the pre-1914 Russian Baltic States (Courland), as well as eastern Poland, northern Bukovina, and Bessarabia within Russia as a bulwark against Germany.

We face this problem: Poland, the immediate reason why Britain went to war, and whose restoration was the prime technical purpose of the war, is in danger of being betrayed, not liberated, as the very result of allied victory. Let there be no mistake. This question seems already to have been decided. It has been decided by Russia. The British government has had no say in the matter; which fact illustrates General Smuts' announcement of Nov. 25 about British impoverishment, the price paid for victory.

Political philosophers will note in passing that war, being the negation of all moral consideration and a recourse to brute force as the arbiter in affairs (which it is not competent to be), always defeats its object. It is not merely that force settles no problem. It creates more problems. What is even worse, it creates the "chaos and confusion" to

which both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt referred as a pressing danger on Nov. 9 last year. Force being the arbiter, whether measured in manpower, military skill, or economic or financial resources, it follows that decisions are imposed by those most able at any given moment to impose them. Russia is the new master of Europe. Russia, therefore, decides the fate of Poland and of the other border states. A Russian commentator, David Zaslavsky, writing in *Pravda* of Jan. 5, under the heading, "Willkie stirs up dirty water," stated that the question of the "Baltic Republics" is the Soviet Union's own business, in which Mr. Willkie has no right to interfere, for Russia knows well how to defend her constitutional rights; and as for Finland, Poland, and the Balkans, Russia can handle affairs with these lands without Mr. Willkie's help.

On the ethics of war Mr. Zaslavsky is clearly right. As General Smuts said, the two dominant powers emerging from this war are Russia and the U. S., partly because neither entered the war till it had been in progress long enough to have depleted the bargaining resources of the other belligerents; and Russia is nearer to Poland than is the U. S. This argument derives from the theories of war and the enthronement of force as the arbiter. But though wayward man, with all his pomp and panoply of arms, may propose, God in the long run disposes; for material force (the whole course of history illustrates this truth, known already to man's spiritual consciousness) is not in fact

the ultimate arbiter in God's universe. All it does is to create the chaos and confusion to which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have referred.

Thus the fate of Poland, of the Baltic, and the Balkan States is decided by Russia. And the Atlantic Charter, which prescribes "a peace that will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries," has no more effect in eastern Europe than on the high Atlantic seas on which it was written. War, the devil's game, cannot produce a good result in God's universe.

Only God's law can serve. The realist problem in world affairs today is how to abandon the treacherous method of material force and to institute the reign of the moral law, which alone can achieve the ends we desire. On our present level the problems are never solved.

But there is more in it than that. If the trouble in Europe is due to the departure from the moral law, that is, from the Christian principles which were the original foundation of European greatness, then the remedy, the only remedy that can bring effective redress, is a return to those principles. It is, indeed, obvious to every serious mind that if this Europe of ours, now being burned, blasted, destroyed before our eyes, is ever to rise again in the world as a political factor, it will so arise only because adversity and proved error shall have inspired a sincere recantation of the principles and practices that have led to the disaster. The Christian Church, therefore, is seen to

stand as the only sure instrument of a European political revival, not in a clerical sense, but in the broadest moral sense. It happens that Poland is a leading Christian country, where the torch of the faith was burning brightly through those recent dark ages when Europe as a whole betrayed and abandoned its Christianity. The instrument that Europe needs for her reconstruction is to be found at its best in Poland. If Poland be betrayed today, if the Allied leaders (in this case the Russian leaders) blindly and weakly persist in jettisoning all moral consideration in the supposed need of a victory over Germany at any cost, then a main pillar of European reconstruction and survival in the long future will also have been jettisoned.

True, the Church and the Christian faith are in the long run immune from any political betrayal or assault. They are safeguarded by a higher and stronger sanction than is at the disposal of any politician. But it would be a calamity we should regret at our long leisure if, by decisions taken at this moment, the true Christians in Europe, Polish and other, were driven underground and had to bide their time in the new catacombs before the hard slow work of rebuilding Europe could be started. Europe in the immediate prospect is finished as a factor in civilization. We have committed political suicide. We led all the world, up to 1914, in politics, economics and finance. We did in a true sense rule the world. We have made no better use of our power than to plunge the world into two gigantic

maelstroms, affecting every continent and every race, white, yellow, and black, and we pay the penalty by losing our power. Europe lies prostrate and moribund. Is not even this circumstance a just manifestation of the natural law? The punishment fits the crime, indeed, directly follows from it. Those who console themselves with the reflection that it is all Hitler's fault, or the Kaiser's before him, may derive what consolation that reflection can give them. It is the fact, not the apportioning of culpability, that merits the attention. The poison that has seeped over the world from Europe (no matter whose be the main fault—and we in Europe are not the best judges of comparative guilt) has at last endangered the life of Europe herself. If we are to rise again, the antidote is the Christian heritage, vouchsafed to Europe, betrayed by Europe, and now demanding to be restored in Europe.

The warnings are always clear. It is precisely Russia, who for a quarter of a century has proclaimed herself an enemy of Christianity, who is to be the master of a Europe that, while paying lip service to Christianity, has betrayed that Christianity in its heart and in its works. Only a miracle can save Europe, and the Church is the vehicle for that miracle. No man can foretell how the miracle will work. Maybe Russia herself, by recapturing her old faith, will help to save Europe from the misdeeds of Europe's own lapsed Christians. Russia will not serve Europe well on any other terms. The Russian temperament has always presented an enigma

to the peoples of the West. Today Europe is at the disposal, or mercy, of Russia. We may yet receive the surprise of our lives by discovering that her leaders, freed at last from a quarter of a century's complex about the hostility of her neighbors, have been the instrument for enabling Europe herself to recapture the faith and the practice of true Christianity. On such a basis, and on none other, is a Russo-Polish understanding possible. Such a contingency would, indeed, be a miracle. Without some such miracle it is inconceivable how Europe can ever again raise her head from her self-imposed ruins.

The Russian people have great qualities, spiritual, artistic, human. As late as in May, 1943, Marshal Stalin affirmed his desire to see "a strong and inde-

pendent Poland after the defeat of Hitler's Germany." He encouraged the hope that after the war Russo-Polish relations would rest "upon the basis of solid good neighborly relations and mutual respect, or, should the Polish people so desire, on the basis of an alliance providing for mutual assistance against the Germans as the chief enemies of the Soviet Union and Poland." It is unfortunate that no understanding in that sense had been reached before 1944; but the immediate necessity is a Russian assurance to Poland: an assurance not yet given. No wise man excludes miracle from the political possibilities. In this case the miracle, by a superb stroke of irony, must be performed through the agency of Russia if Christian Europe is to be saved.

Flights of Fancy

A delicious spray of laughter.—*Lady Asquith.*

Dawn nibbling at the darkness.—*Anne Morehead.*

A local boy who made no good.—*Men of Maryknoll.*

Gossip: burning the scandal at both ends.—*Fibber McGee.*

A thin rain flung its lances past her window.—*Mary Quayle Innis.*

How many times are we guilty of patriotism?—*Dorothy Fremont Grant.*

One learns to keep silent and draw one's own confusions.—*Cornelia Otis Skinner.*

She confided to me in a deafening whisper.—*Alexander Woollcott.*

The frozen milk bottles wore crooked white top hats.—*Mary Q. Innis.*

Thinking with the corners of your mouth turned down.—*Maureen Daly.*

This weather is like an armistice with Germany; it can't last.—*Kay Boyle.*

Two children blazing with excitement like two Roman candles.—*Mary Quayle Innis.*

The lonely night sounds of the prairie clawed at the windows.—*Margaret Cousins.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

500,000 Acts of Charity

By EDWARD L. HESTON, C.S.C.

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

Charity begins at Rome

One afternoon in November of 1942, a group of seminarians came to the library of the Apostolic Delegation in Washington. Their presence marked the beginning of the Vatican Information Service in the U. S. A large table was piled high with thousands of messages from Axis prisoners in Australia to their loved ones at home and from Australian families to prisoners in Italy and Germany. There were also packets of messages sent through the Vatican for distribution in the U. S. and other western-hemisphere countries.

The Apostolic Delegate entered the library, to greet the theological students who had volunteered to devote their free days to the Information Service work. He assured each how deeply he appreciated his spirit of devotedness. He reminded them all that their work would really mean cooperation in the activity of our Holy Father himself.

The Vatican Information Service, in operation in every corner of the world, owes its origin to the charity of Pope Pius XII. This war was only days old when the Holy Father established in the office of the Cardinal Secretary of State a special bureau to assist in tracing Polish refugees who had been driven from their homes by the Germans and Russians. To head this office, His Holiness appointed a Russian Catholic Bishop, the Most Rev. Alexander Evreinoff,

who had for many years resided in Rome as ordaining Bishop for clerics of the Russo-Byzantine rite. The hostilities spread to other countries, and the charity of the Holy Father followed in the path of the advancing armies, to mitigate the horrors of battle for civilians, internees, and prisoners of war.

Pope Benedict XV had organized a similar service, principally to facilitate communication between prisoners of war and their families. But Benedict's work was not so world wide as that of Pius XII, because 25 years ago our rapid means of communication were lacking. Today, fast boat service, air mail and radio enable the Vatican to keep pace with the world-wide sweep of war as it scourges every continent.

Our own cities contain elements of European, Oriental, and Asiatic nationalities. Few of those families have no near relative in the armed forces somewhere in the world; beloved ones live in the homeland, cut off from normal postal service for the duration. Even where postal service still exists, military needs leave little time or space for attention to civilian correspondence. Frequently the brief Vatican message has been the first word from home since the return of the last letter with the laconic rubber-stamped indication: "Return to sender. Service suspended."

The international organization of the

*Notre Dame, Ind. May 20, 1944.

Church, through its channels of apostolic nuncios and delegates, archbishops, bishops, and parish priests enables the Vatican to reach out with a message to a humble home in the mountains of Greece or Italy, a farm in the Balkans, or a shepherd's tent in Persia. Names of streets and towns may be inexact, and addresses wrong. Careful searching through postal guides and atlases may be necessary before concluding that "Aumaka" means *Omaha*, or that some apparently indecipherable name is an island in the Caribbean. Daily experience accustoms the eye to recognize *Brooklyn* in "Bkl," "Broccolino" or "Brucolino," or to guess the location of a town when no state is indicated. At times a request for information may be addressed to "The Catholic pastor of the City of Boston," or a message may be directed to somebody on the "Island of Jamaica, Massachusetts Plains." But so great is the zeal of the chancery offices, that only rarely, and with sincere regret, do they return a message as undeliverable. On one occasion careful inquiry resulted in the discovery that what appeared to be a Long Island address was in reality a town in England. The only genuinely hopeless addresses are those which read: "R.R. 2, U. S. A."

Another class of persons who suffer in wartime are the civilian internees, the nationals of enemy countries who are kept under government custody. They, too, eagerly welcome the Vatican assistance in expediting exchanges of messages.

The most widespread and far-reach-

ing good effected by the Vatican Service is in favor of prisoners of war and their dear ones. Enabling the thousands of German and Italian prisoners in the U. S. and American boys in prison camps abroad to send and receive messages is the main work of the Vatican Information Service at the Apostolic Delegation in Washington. The uncertainties of war have perhaps a greater effect on the morale of prisoners than on anyone else, particularly if they happen to be from parts of Italy now in the war zone, or from those German cities which are being subjected to such merciless bombings. The periods of silence are sometimes prolonged six, eight, or ten months, and even longer for prisoners who have been transferred several times to camps in different countries. Their heartfelt gratitude when some word is finally received is touching evidence of what even a brief message means. Sometimes the news is crushing, as when the Apostolic Delegate was asked to notify a prisoner that in the bombing of Catania his home had been destroyed and five members of his immediate family killed.

During the Tunisian campaign of a year ago many American prisoners were the beneficiaries of the Vatican's correspondence service. A Vatican representative was aboard a hospital ship taking the prisoners from North Africa to Italy, and was able to provide the wounded soldiers with message forms. As soon as the ship docked, the completed messages were rushed to the Vatican and dispatched by air to Washington. They were then duly submitted

for censorship and sent to the families, within six weeks after their boys were captured.

In the course of this same campaign, the Vatican had representatives at the transit centers or the permanent camps in which the prisoners were confined, obtaining prisoners' names, with names and addresses of next of kin. The lists were then radioed to the Apostolic Delegation in Washington and, after due clearance by the War Department, the families were notified. In numerous instances, this was the first definite information received by the family after the announcement that the serviceman was missing in action. All this was done, as in every other aspect of the Vatican Information Service, without distinction of religion, race, or other consideration; in fact, the Protestant and Jewish families thus notified far outnumbered the Catholic families.

Right after the raid on the Ploesti oil fields last summer, the Apostolic Nuncio in Bucharest sent the Vatican the names of American airmen forced or shot down over Rumania. The names were radioed to Washington. Some weeks later a further radio communication repeated them, gave the address of the prison camp or hospital where the prisoners were interned, and indicated the nature and extent of injuries. The small library room at the Apostolic Delegation has cleared more than 500,000 messages. There is hardly a country in the world for or from which a message has not been received. Remote islands in the Caribbean, off the coasts of Africa and South America, or

in the Aegean sea; countries in central Africa, far-off Asia, New Caledonia—all of them have been reached because the world-circling channels of the Holy Father's charity stop before no barriers of ocean, mountain, or jungle. For instance, the Information Service carried a greeting from an aged father in southern France to his son, a Marist missionary on Guadalcanal.

One morning the parish priest in a small midwestern predominantly non-Catholic town was instructed by his bishop to notify a family that their son was a prisoner of war in Italy. It so happened that the family was Baptist, devoted to their church. Every week they gave tithes of \$22 for Baptist activities. Overwhelmed at the thought that the Pope, the head of the Catholic Church, should have been so thoughtful as to notify them, Baptists, of the capture of their son, they decided to donate one week's tithes to the Pope, as a special expression of gratitude.

The world-embracing charity of the Vicar of Christ in this Information Service stands out with the International Red Cross and similar organizations as one of the few remaining examples of unselfish devotion to the human needs of affection and love. The office of the Holy Father's Apostolic Delegate in Washington is only one of the many centers of his charity throughout the world. But through this office alone the messages of half a million hearts have echoed the world round, bringing new hope and courage into lives which had seemed hopelessly darkened.

Michigan Medical Service

By JOHN G. BAKER

Condensed from the *Milwaukee Journal**

A recent public-opinion survey indicated that 63% of the American people are demanding a better method of meeting the high cost of serious illness. The doctors of Michigan are offering what seems to be a better method and 625,000 persons are now covered by this physician-sponsored and physician-controlled plan under which the patient may buy some protection for himself. It is called Michigan Medical Service. There are indications that the plan will be copied elsewhere as it already has been in California, New Jersey, and, on a limited scale, in Wisconsin.

Michigan Medical Service is in many ways a twin of Michigan Hospital Service, yet each is a separate, nonprofit corporation. Both operate in much the same manner, contracts often are made with the same groups, collections are made jointly, and much the same office staff is used by both. Together the services occupy nine floors of an office block in downtown Detroit, and maintain branch offices in 17 other cities. Michigan Medical Service is providing an easier way to pay doctor bills, while Michigan Hospital Service, like the Blue Cross plan in other communities, covers hospital bills only.

Michigan Medical, for four years, has been suffering growing pains. Even for some of its best friends it is a little surprising to see Medical looking so

healthy today; one out of every nine persons in Michigan is covered. The ratio in some industrial communities is two out of five, and many more groups are waiting to be accepted for coverage. Briefly, that means prepaid surgical and obstetrical care, in hospitals, by the patient's own doctor. If the subscriber's income is not over \$2,000, if single, or \$2,500 if married, the fee paid by Michigan Medical to the doctor will cover the total bill in almost every case. If the subscriber's income is above these maximums, or if the doctor is not enrolled in the plan, Michigan Medical will pay the doctor its regular fee for that particular operation or service but the patient must pay any additional fee.

"Surgical" services are interpreted quite liberally to include not only "cutting procedures" but also treatment of fractures and dislocations. Diagnostic X rays up to \$15 are provided; also anesthesia when administered by a doctor. Obstetrical service, to which the subscriber is entitled after 10 consecutive months in the plan, includes not only medical services at the time of delivery but maternity care as well. The plan does not cover any other purely medical treatment or advice, special therapies, nor home nor office treatments of any kind. It is, then, clearly a limited protection.

*Milwaukee, Wis. April 16-23, 1944.

The cost has been kept within what is felt to be the reach of the lowest-paid working groups. For man and wife the payment is \$1.60 a month; for a family group, \$2.25. A single subscriber pays from 60c to 90c a month, depending upon the percentage of women in his group. It has been found that average surgical costs run somewhat higher for women.

Such low rates are possible because Michigan Medical is essentially a group plan, where a large percentage (about 75% in most cases) of a "single-interest" group subscribe to the plan at one time and make the monthly payments as a group, usually through an employer under a pay-roll deduction authorization.

Individuals who leave a group may continue their protection by keeping up their payments. About 52,000 subscribers are continuing their contracts on that basis. But the bookkeeping and collection costs of handling individual accounts are high, and new subscribers are not accepted individually, except as they enroll after having joined some group already covered.

As far back as 1929 the state medical association of Michigan began seeking some method by which the best medical service could be made available to more persons without excessive expense to the individual. After 10 years of investigation and discussion, the association sponsored the enabling legislation which allowed such nonprofit corporations as Michigan Medical to be set up, with the state insurance commissioner supervising and controlling

its business policies but with doctors entirely in control of professional standards and fees.

The original plan included medical as well as surgical care and covered home and office as well as hospital treatment by the physicians. But it soon became evident that some radical changes would be necessary. Within a few months the association began to accumulate a rapidly growing deficit. The first reason was that the plan was being abused by a few doctors and quite a few patients. Subscribers were calling doctors for all sorts of minor ailments. And there were also instances where it appeared that the doctor had advised additional treatments, with as much interest in his fee as in the patient's health. Both suspicions would be hard to prove, but it at least became apparent that home and office calls were far exceeding the normal average of such calls.

The second big cause of financial embarrassment was the delayed surgery needed in newly covered groups. Many persons, especially in the low-income groups, had been postponing needed surgical care because of the expense, and when it could be obtained at little cost through the new plan they hurried to have old and chronic conditions corrected. Since a great proportion of all members had not been covered by any plan previously, the peak demand for service came at about the same time, and the bills for surgical fees piled up. It was found necessary to "prorate" doctors' bills according to current income. For five months in

1941 as much as 20% of all fees had to be deferred indefinitely.

So the insurance commissioner stopped the signing of any new groups. Jay Ketchum, who had been a deputy insurance commissioner, was brought in as executive vice president, and for a time serious consideration was given to liquidating the whole experiment. But many still believed in the fundamental idea. New charges and contracts were drawn up, covering surgical and obstetrical care only, but it was months before all the old contracts ran out, and meanwhile old obligations continued to swell the deficit.

Today, some two years later, Michigan Medical can say with certainty it has found a sound basis on which such a plan can function. The old deficit was paid off by April 1, and there was a gratifying surplus in the bank. Administrative costs are running less than 11% and every month has been showing a substantial margin of income over costs. This condition will make any or all of these things possible: 1. lowering monthly cost to subscribers; 2. adding services to members; 3. adjusting upward some physicians' fees that have been found too low for particular types of operations.

Some 85,000 new members were added during December. But the association still has a waiting list and is not apt to repeat the old mistake of taking in too many large new groups at one time, particularly groups that may include many members with delayed surgical needs.

Groups have withdrawn from time

to time, for various reasons, including some very active competition from insurance representatives. The contracts of a few small groups have had to be canceled because of noncooperation, usually by the employer.

Probably the most critical of all have been the doctors themselves. Of the approximately 4,400 eligible physicians in the state, 3,573 have enrolled in the plan, agreeing to accept Medical's fee as full payment in any case where the patient's income is below the stipulated level. In many counties every doctor, or all but two or three, have enrolled. But the county medical associations of Ingham and Oakland counties have adopted a wait-and-see attitude, while the medical association of Genesee county has gone on record as flatly opposed. It may be significant that in each of these three counties there is a large city containing a great number of automobile-company employees covered by Michigan Medical.

Much of the professional opposition to the plan stems from the question of fees and fee schedules. The Genesee county doctors, and some others, are emphatic in saying that no third person, not even another doctor nor group of doctors, should have any control over what a physician charges his patient. Doctors who have enrolled apparently consider that the essence of that principle is still maintained under the new plan, since the enrolling doctor only agrees that the fee schedule is acceptable to him for those in the lowest income group and that all others may be charged additional fees accord-

ing to their better circumstances. Under present conditions the great majority of subscribers (Ketchum hazarded a guess it was up to 85%) are earning more than \$2,000-\$2,500 and thus are subject to whatever overcharge the doctor chooses to ask.

Some doctors are still sour on the plan because, in the days of financial difficulties, it prorated fees. To some of the doctors who had agreed to cut their normal fees somewhat for the lower-income group and then found their checks were only for 80% of those reduced charges, it seemed like just a little too much to take. But most of them stuck.

There is dissatisfaction among doctors over the fees of particular types of surgery and there seems to be a strong indication that a number of these will be revised upward, although surveys of Michigan Medical indicate that its present fee is, for almost every service, as much as or more than the "usual" fee charged before the group plan. But any doctor has the right to appeal any fee which he feels inadequate. If he can convince the special medical appeal board appointed by his county medical association that the fee was insufficient because of the unusual nature of the case, or extra service involved, Medical will pay the additional amount.

No evidence was found that the scheme has adversely affected the total income of any enrolled doctors. It may well be that some have found it a welcome solution for slow collections and others have found it paying more than the fees they had generally charged.

Dr. L. W. Hull, new president of the association, calls it "the doctors' own plan," and adds that "more and more doctors are realizing that fact as they understand the plan better. Essentially the plan is sound and the doctors are getting a square deal."

The fine distinction that has to be made between medical and surgical care is one source of friction and disappointment among subscribers. It is little consolation to be protected against surgical expenses if one is faced with a stupendous bill for purely medical services. Ketchum hopes that some way may be found soon whereby medical services to hospitalized patients may be covered for a slight additional monthly payment by subscribers.

A smaller percentage of subscribers are finding their surgical and obstetrical bills completely covered. That is because gross earnings are increasing. Unions particularly point to this as a serious fault with the plan. They feel that a majority of their member subscribers are again entirely "at the mercy of the doctors" in the matter of total fee. Some union men even intimate that they are afraid that some doctors charge more when it is discovered that the patient is covered by Michigan Medical or by an insurance policy and the purpose of the plan is thwarted.

Some union groups are demanding that the salary provisions of the contract be entirely removed, thus compelling the doctor to accept the association's fee in all covered cases. To this the doctors appear to be entirely cold. Perhaps some middle ground may be

found. There is, for instance, nothing sacred about the \$2,000-\$2,500 figure. In California, the very similar California Physicians' Service designates each \$3,000 income as the point above which overcharge is permitted.

The unions have done more than just find fault. Five representatives of large UAW-CIO union groups have desks right in the Michigan Medical and Michigan Hospital Service offices, where they are prepared to press the complaint of any union-member subscriber they think has a just grievance.

One of the things criticized is the salary provision. For example, a union member whose income was \$2,516 was charged \$263, or more than twice the "standard" fee, for an operation that would have been covered in full if his income had been just \$16 less.

Although UAW-CIO locals are very largely represented among subscribers, the international has just withdrawn its endorsement of the plan. The reason appears to be that the union has gone all out for the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, which would extend federal social-security coverage, and include some medical service. But there will probably be a tendency on the part of most unions and union men to make use of Michigan Medical until something definitely better comes along.

Some employers feel that allowing the plan to be set up in their plant is the opening wedge for a union demand that the employer bear its cost, and perhaps more expensive coverage, in future. Such proposals already have been made in some wage negotiations.

A good many employers, however, are convinced of the desirability of coverage for their employees and have encouraged Michigan Medical in their plants.

Besides the employee groups, other "common-interest" groups have taken out coverage, such as teachers, rural mail carriers, and milk producers. Theoretically there is no reason why a church, lodge, or bowling league could not do the same. Actually, the plan appears to work best with a group where the monthly payments can be collected readily through deductions from pay checks or by adding the payments to other monthly bills.

But those who have guided Michigan Medical through its first hectic years believe that ways will be found whereby its own and similar plans in effect elsewhere, may be extended to practically every person who desires it, although the mechanics involved have yet to be worked out. Medical is, in fact, experimenting in Hillsdale county with the enrollment of farmers on a community-wide basis.

Michigan Medical seems now to be firmly established, with every indication of expansion and improvement in the immediate future. What may be its ultimate form or ultimate destiny, it is impossible to predict at present. But it provides one answer to the demand for easing the burden of the expense of sickness. It appears to do so without interfering with present professional standards or, essentially, with physician-patient relationships.

Physicians, individually and through

their associations, are watching this physician-controlled, prepaid medical-service plan as an alternative to "government medicine" or "socialized medicine" or "contract medicine." From

the patient's standpoint, this much can be said: Michigan Medical paid \$2,-876,540 in doctor bills for its subscribers last year and it cost no family more than \$2.25 a month.



The Two Fronts

I

A battery of ack-ack men sat in the cold slop of the Fifth Army's front in Italy. Up in his tent, the battery commander, Captain Philip Newbert of Camden, Maine, sat on his cot, scraping mud off his boots.

"You just wouldn't believe what a fine bunch of soldiers I've got," he said. "We all kick now and then, but they've got what it takes when it's needed.

"I'll tell you something interesting about this gang. You know, a lot of folks at home wonder what the men do with their money. Well, last payday, after all allotments had been deducted, I paid my men around \$5,000 cash. I brought a post office man out and announced we would take money orders to be sent home. Now it's right in my books: they handed over \$4,000 right back to me."

"Want to know something?" he said. "Four out of every five of those soldiers are buying War Bonds."

T/S Bob Gee in *Our Army* (April '44).

II

The annual report of the U. S. Department of Labor for 1943 states: "The no-strike pledge of labor leaders was kept at a rate of better than 99% during the year; the ratio of man days lost through strikes to time worked was $\frac{9}{100}$ th of 1%. That is a good record in any field of human relations."

The folks back home worked 10,000 hours for every eight hours they lost! It didn't seem possible, after the way newspapers had built up strike news.

Now the Department of Labor comes along with statistical proof that service men have been played for saps. The facts prove that our folks and their labor unions have a record that is 99.92% perfect. That's a batting average of better than .999!

An OWI release of Jan. 20, 1944, punches the truth home, thus: The U. S. working men who died in job accidents (since Pearl Harbor) total 7,000 more than all the U. S. war dead up to Jan. 1, 1944.

John Lord in the *Midpacifican* quoted in the *Wage Earner* (14 April '44).

Chesterton and Shaw

By MAISIE WARD

Philosophers' duel

Condensed chapter of a book*

In the early years of the century any list of English writers included the names of Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton. But they were often listed with unconcealed irritation. The two men constantly argued; but the public felt that they represented something in common, and was not sure that it liked that something. It could not resist Bernard Shaw's plays; it loved to rebuke Chesterton for his paradox and levity. What it succumbed to was their art; it was by no means certain it liked their meaning. And so it said that Shaw and Chesterton were having a cheap success by standing on their heads and declaring black was white. The audience watched a Shaw vs. Chesterton debate as a sham fight or fireworks display, as indeed it partly was; for each would have died rather than hurt the other. But Shaw and Chesterton operated on their minds all the time.

Chesterton complains in his *Autobiography* of the falsity of most of the pictures of Victorian England. The languishing, fainting females, the tyrannical, pious fathers, the dull conventional lives, all ring false to anyone who grew up in an average Victorian home. However, one thing was fundamentally wrong in such homes; and on this fundamental sin he agreed with Shaw in waging a relentless war.

The middle classes were smugly sat-

isfied with intolerable social conditions. They had erected barriers between the classes and did not even look over them. The suggestion that government should intervene was socialism. People might have learned from their own servants how the rest were living, but while, said Chesterton, they laughed at the medieval baron whose vassals ate below the salt, their own vassals ate and lived below the floor. At no time in the Christian past had there been such a deep and wide cleavage.

G. K. C. and G. B. S., Wells too, and Belloc, were all agreed that the upper and middle classes must be reminded that they were living in an unreal world. They had forgotten the human race. A tiny section spoke of the mass of mankind as "the poor" or "the lower orders" almost as they might speak of a different race. Chesterton had a profound and noble respect for the poor; Shaw declared they were "useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished."

Shaw and Chesterton discovered the social problem. Today, whether people intend to do anything about it or not, it is impossible to avoid knowing something about it. But then all was as well as could be in an imperfect world. Trades unionists told a different story, but they could not reach the classes they attacked. These men could not be

* Gilbert Keith Chesterton. 1943. *Shed & Ward, New York City. 685 pp. \$4.50.*

ignored, and I cannot but think that sometimes their mere utterance of unwelcome truth in brilliant language aroused the cry of "paradox."

But when Bernard Shaw called himself an atheist or described all property as theft, moral indignation was roused. It testified to the need of the ordinary man to live by a creed he need not question. Shaw and Chesterton were philosophers, and all philosophers love asking as well as answering questions. But the average man wants to live by his creed, not question it, and elder Victorians had still some kind of creed.

Many readers of Chesterton and Shaw believed in God. Others believed that the Christian moral system must remain, because it had commended itself to man's nature as the highest and best, and was the fruit of evolutionary progress. Certainly some were angry because they thought chaos must follow any tampering with the existing social order. But if you take the mass of those who tried to laugh Bernard Shaw aside and grew angry when they could not, you find at the root of the anger an intense dislike of having a creed questioned which was to them unquestionable. They thought Shaw's ideas dangerous. They hated Shaw's questions before they began to hate his answers.

That is probably why so many linked Chesterton with Shaw; he gave different answers, but he asked the same questions. He questioned everything as Shaw did—only his questions were more searching. Shaw would not accept Scriptural orthodoxy; G. K. re-

fused to accept agnostic orthodoxy; neither man would accept the orthodoxy of the scientists; both were prepared to attack what Butler had called "the science-ridden, art-ridden, culture ridden, afternoon-tea-ridden cliffs of old England."

They attacked first by merely asking questions; and the world seemed to care curiously little for the fact that the two answered their questions in an opposite fashion. Where Shaw had said: "Give up pretending you believe in God, for you don't," Chesterton said that we must rediscover the reasons for believing, or our race would be lost. Where Shaw had said: "Abolish private property, which has produced this ghastly poverty," Chesterton said ghastly poverty must be abolished by restoring property.

Shaw and Chesterton were deeply concerned about the answers. Both sincere realists, they were prepared to accept each other's sincerity and to fight the matter out endlessly. Being writers, they conducted their discussion in writing; being journalists they did so mainly in the newspapers, to the delight or fury of other journalists. A jealous few called it publicity hunting, but most realized that it was not a private fight. Anyone might join in, and a good many did.

Belloc was in the fight as early as Chesterton, on the same side. G.B.S., who had invented "the Chesterbelloc," declared that Chesterton embraced the dogmas of Catholicism lest Belloc's soul should be damned. H. G. Wells agreed with Shaw; both were Fabians

and both offered a Fabian Utopia for humanity, which Belloc and Chesterton felt would be little better than a prison. Cecil Chesterton, from his own angle, wrote some effective articles. A Fabian—actually an official Fabian—his outlook already embraced many Chesterbelloc human ideals, although he ridiculed their Utopia of the peasant state, small ownership, and all that was later called Distributism. Meanwhile, the private friendship between G.B.S. and G.K.C. was growing. Very early Shaw had begun to urge G.K. to write a play. G.K. was, perhaps, beginning to feel that newspaper controversy did not give him space to say all he wanted about Shaw.

G.K.'s book on Shaw in 1909 dealt with the subject as did his other literary studies: gave (inaccurately) only necessary biography, and mainly discussed ideas. He saw Shaw as an Irishman lacking the roots of nationality since he belonged to an alien governing class. He saw him as a Puritan without the religious basis of Puritanism. And he saw him as a swift progressive ahead of his own thought and ready to slay it in the name of progress. All these elements made for strength, but created limitations.

As a vegetarian and a water drinker, Shaw lacked, for Chesterton, something of complete humanity. And in discussing social problems he was more economist than man. This lack of the full human touch is felt, even in the plays, because Shaw cannot be irrational where humanity always is irrational. Yet Shaw's limitations are those

of a great man and a genius. In an age that has almost chosen death, "Shaw follows the banner of life; but austere-ly, not joyously." Chesterton said that Shaw fails to feel that the command of Nature (if one must use the anthropomorphic fable of Nature instead of the philosophic term *God*) are not only to be obeyed, but also enjoyed; that he paints life at its darkest and then urges the unborn babe to take the leap in the dark. That is heroic, G.K. admits, but deplors it as the heroism of a morbid, almost asphyxiated age. He calls upon us to think of the ages through which men have talked of having the courage to die, and then to consider that we have actually fallen to talking of having the courage to live.

Here comes the great parting of their thought. G.K. believed in God and in joy. But he saw that Shaw had much of value for this strange diseased world. His primary value was not merely (as some said) that he woke it up. Shaw had not merely asked questions: that would have been worse than useless. What he had done was to rise above his own thoughts and give, through his characters, inspired answers: G.K. instances *Candida*, with its revelation of the meaning of marriage when the woman stays with the strong man because he is so weak and needs her. And Shaw had brought back philosophy into drama, lost since Shakespeare, in which men were thinking, and might, therefore, find the answers the age needed. And here again we come back to the world these men were shaping and to their respective philosophies. It

was a world of conventions which had become empty. Throw them away, said Shaw and Wells; no, said Chesterton; keep them and find their meaning; revolution does not mean destruction, but restoration.

The same sort of discussion buzzed around this book as around their controversies. Shaw reviewed it and he called it "the best work of literary art I have yet provoked. Everything about me which Mr. Chesterton had to divine he has divined miraculously. But everything that he could have ascertained easily by reading my own plain directions on the bottle, as it were, remains for him a muddled and painful problem."

Shaw wrote to Chesterton on Oct. 30, 1909, as follows:

"When I was in Kerry last month I had occasionally a few moments to spare; and it seemed to me quite unendurable that you should be wasting your time writing books about me. I liked the book very much, especially as it was so completely free from my own influence, being evidently founded on a very hazy recollection of a five-year-old perusal of *Man and Superman*; but a lot of it was fearful nonsense. There was one good thing about the scientific superstition which you came a little too late for. It taught a man to respect facts. You have no conscience in this respect; and your punishment is that you substitute such dull inferences as my "narrow puritan home" for delightful and fantastic realities which you might very easily have ascertained if you had taken greater advantage of

what is really the only thing to be said in favour of Battersea; namely, that it is within easy reach of Adelphi Terrace. However, I have no doubt that when Wilkins Micawber junior grew up and became eminent in Australia, references were made to his narrow puritan home; so I do not complain. If you had told the truth, nobody would have believed it.

"Now to business. When one breathes Irish air, one becomes a practical man. In England I used to say what a pity it was you did not write a play. In Ireland I sat down and began writing a scenario for you.

"But experience has made me very doubtful of the efficacy of help as the means of getting work out of the right sort of man. When I was young I struck out one invaluable rule for myself, which was: whenever you meet an important man, contradict him. If possible, insult him. But such a rule is one of the privileges of youth. I no longer live by rules. Yet there is one way in which you may possibly be insultable. It can be plausibly held that you are a venal ruffian, pouring forth great quantities of immediately saleable stuff, but altogether declining to lay up for yourself treasures in heaven. It may be that you cannot afford to do otherwise. Therefore I am quite ready to make a deal with you.

"A full-length play should contain about 18,000 words (mine frequently contain two or three times that number). I do not know what your price per thousand is. I used to be considered grossly extortionate by Massingham

and others for insisting on £3: 18,000 words at £3 per thousand is £54. I need make no extra allowance for the republication in book form, because even if the play aborted as far as the theatre is concerned, you could make a book of it all the same. Let us assume that your work is worth twice as much as mine: this would make £108. I have had two shockingly bad years of it pecuniarily speaking, and am therefore in that phase of extravagance which straitened means have always produced in me. Knock off 8% as a sort of agent's commission to me for starting you on the job and finding you a theme. This leaves £100. I will pay you £100 down on your contracting to supply me within three months with a mechanically possible, i.e., stageable drama dealing with the experiences of St. Augustine after re-visiting England. The literary copyright to be yours, except that you are not to prevent me making as many copies as I may require for stage use. The stage right to be mine; but you are to have the right to buy it back from me for £250 whenever you like. The play, if performed, to be announced as your work and not as a collaboration. All rights which I may have in the scenario to go with the stage right and literary copyright as prescribed as far as you may make use of it. What do you say? There is a lot of spending in £100.

"One condition more. If it should prove impossible to achieve a performance otherwise than through the Stage Society (which does not pay anything), a resort to that body is not to be deem-

ed a breach of the spirit of our agreement.

"For the next few days I shall be at my country quarters, Ayot St. Lawrence, Welwyn, Herts. I have a motor car which could carry me on sufficient provocation as far as Beaconsfield; but I do not know how much time you spend there and how much in Fleet Street. Are you only a week-ender; or has your wise wife taken you properly in hand and committed you to a pastoral life. Yours ever, G. Bernard Shaw."

Among the reviewers of Chesterton's book on Shaw there was a good deal of the usual misunderstanding, and lists were made of the author's contradictions. Still, in the main, the press was sympathetic and even enthusiastic. But when Shaw reviewed Chesterton on Shaw, more than one paper waxed sarcastic on the point of royalties and remuneration gained by these means. The funniest of the comments on the way these men wrote of one another was a suggestion they were really the same person:

"Shaw, it is said, tired of socialism, weary of wearing Jaegers, and broken down by teetotalism, and vegetarianism, sought, some years ago, an escape from them. His adoption, however, of these attitudes had a decided commercial value, which he did not think it advisable to prejudice by wholesale surrender. Therefore he, in order to taste the forbidden joys of individualistic philosophy, meat, food and strong drink, created 'Chesterton.' This mammoth myth, he decided, should enjoy

all the forms of fame which Shaw had to deny himself. Outwardly, he should be Shaw's antithesis. He should be beardless, large in girth, smiling of countenance, and he should be licensed to sell paradoxes only in essay and novel form, all stage and platform rights being reserved by Shaw."

Bernard Shaw is a man of unusual generosity, but his letters reveal him as a good man of business. G.K. was so greatly the opposite that G.B.S. urged him again and again to do the most ordinary things to protect the literary rights of himself and others:

"My dear G.K.C., I am one of the unhappy slaves who, on the two big committees of your Trade Union (the Society of Authors) drudge at the heartbreaking work of defending our miserable profession against being devoured, body and soul, by the publishers—themselves a pitiful gang of literature-struck imposters who are crumpled up by the booksellers, who, though small folk, are at least in contact with reality in the shape of the book buyer. It is a ghastly and infuriating business, because the authors will go to lunch with their publishers and sell them anything for £20 over the cigarettes, but it has to be done; and I, with half a dozen others, have to do it.

"The harassed secretary writes that it was decided to take proceedings in the case of a book of yours which you (oh Esau, Esau!) sold to John—and that though the German lawyer has had £7 and is going ahead (£7 worth of law in Germany takes you to the House of Lords) everything is hung up

because you will not answer Thring's letters. Thring, in desperation, appeals to me, concluding with characteristic simplicity that we must be friends because you have written a book about me. As the conclusion is accidentally and improbably true, I now urge you to give him whatever satisfaction he requires. I have no notion what it is, or what the case is about; but at least answer his letters, however infuriating they may be. Remember: you pay Thring only £500, for which you get integrity, incorruptibility, implacability, and a disposition greatly to find quarrel in a straw on your behalf (even with yourself) and don't complain if you don't get £20,000 worth of tact into the bargain. All we ask you to do is to answer Thring and let us get along with your work.

"Look here: *will* you write to Thring.

"*Please* write to Thring.

"I say: have you written to Thring yet?"

I doubt whether he had. Those chance sums he poured from time to time into Frances' lap were usually not what they should have been, an advance on a royalty. *Orthodoxy* he sold outright for £100. No man ever worked so hard to earn so little.

Shaw continued his attempts to stimulate the reluctant playwright. Two years after drafting the scenario, he writes to Frances:

"Dear Mrs. Chesterton: I have promised to drive somebody to Beaconsfield Sunday morning; and shall be in that district more or less for the rest of the day. If you are spending Easter at

Overroads, and have no visitors who couldn't stand us, we should like to call on you at any time that would be convenient.

"The convenience of time depends on a design of my own which I wish to impart to you first. I want to read a play to Gilbert. It began by way of being a music-hall sketch; so it is not 3½ hours long as usual: I can get through it in an hour and a half. I want to insult and taunt and stimulate Gilbert with it. It is the sort of thing he could write and ought to write: a religious harlequinade. In fact, he could do it better if a sufficient number of pins were stuck into him. My proposal is that I read the play to him on Sunday (or at the next convenient date), and that you fall into transports of admiration of it; declare that you can never love a man who cannot write things like that; and definitely announce that if Gilbert has not finished a worthy successor to it before the end of the third week next ensuing, you will go out like the lady in *A Doll's House*, and live your own life—whatever that dark threat may mean.

"If you are at home, I count on your ready complicity; but the difficulty is that you may have visitors; and if they are pious, Gilbert will be under a tacit

obligation not to blaspheme, or let me blaspheme, whilst they are beneath his roof (my play is about Christian martyrs, and perfectly awful in parts); and if they are journalists, it will be necessary to administer an oath of secrecy. I don't object to the oath; and nothing would please Gilbert more than to make them drink blood from a skull; the difficulty is, they wouldn't keep it. In short, they must be the right sort of people, of whom the more the merrier.

"Forgive this long rigmarole: it is only to put you in possession of what *may* happen if you approve, and your invitations and domestic circumstances are propitious."

Like the demand for a play, the theme of finance recurs with great frequency in Shaw's letters, and after his *Magic* appeared he wrote to Frances telling her that "in Sweden, where the marriage laws are comparatively enlightened, I believe you could obtain a divorce on the ground that your husband threw away an important part of the provision for your old age for 20 pieces of silver. In future, the moment he has finished a play and the question of disposing of it arises, lock him up and bring the agreement to me. Explanations would be thrown away on him."



A member of a committee replanning bombed towns told me how the roads were being made to converge on the docks, where most of the men work, and the shopping center, and the community hall. "But," he said, "when we were going over the plans of the town as it was laid out centuries ago, we noticed that all the roads converged on the parish church."

The Irish Weekly (19 Feb. '44).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Adams, Nicholson B. *THE HERITAGE OF SPAIN; an Introduction to Spanish Civilization.* New York: Holt. 331 pp., ill. \$4. History, culture and art of Spain, and the literature through which the Spanish mind has found expression.

Bernanos, Georges. *PLEA FOR LIBERTY.* New York: Pantheon Books. 272 pp. \$3. Voluntary exile (from France after Munich) tells the world, in Isaian prose, how the state may conquer, seduce, absorb everything, if free men drop their guard.

Bonney, Thérèse. *EUROPE'S CHILDREN.* New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 142 pp. \$3. Superb photographic report of how Europe's children are suffering cold, nakedness, heartbreak, bewilderment while they starve to death, while we walk knee-deep in eggs.

Chapman, Dom John, O.S.B. *THE FOUR GOSPELS.* New York: Sheed & Ward. 85 pp. \$1.25. Essays in appreciation of the style, authorship, historical background of the world's four best-known books. In light vein, but of undeniable authority.

Houselander, Caryll. *THE REED OF GOD.* New York: Sheed & Ward. 177 pp. \$2. Mary, "the reed of God," the instrument through which He gave expression to His Word in human form. Commentary on her life and the solution to common problems it implies.

Landon, Fred. *LAKE HURON.* Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 398 pp., ill. \$3.50. First volume in the *American Lakes Series*, which will trace the part played by each of the Great Lakes in the growth of the American nation. This volume pays tribute to the missionary pioneers of the region.

Leen, Edward, C.S.Sp. *WHAT IS EDUCATION?* New York: Sheed & Ward. 288 pp. \$3. The need of Christian schooling and what it consists of; its relation to philosophy, art, personality, morality, science, government, success in life.

Lewis, C. S. *PERELANDRA.* New York: Macmillan. 238 pp. \$2. Imaginative visit to the planet Venus (Perelandra). Conflict of minds in a wonderland that recalls the Garden of Eden.

Morgan, Thomas B. *THE LISTENING POST; Eighteen Years on Vatican Hill.* New York: Putnam. 242 pp. \$3. United Press reporter's story of the Vatican as vantage point for observing European political intrigue from the close of the first World War to the outbreak of the second.

Rosa, Guido. *MEXICO SPEAKS.* New York: John Day Co. 250 pp. \$3. Thoughts and way of life of the common people of Mexico, and their innate dignity, set down by an honest and able observer; with a collection of photographs by the author.

Smith, R. A. L. *THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SOCIAL ORDER.* New York: Longmans. 162 pp. \$2.50. What the new order of society must be to be fit for man. How Catholics can cooperate with non-Catholics in making the necessary educational, social, economic reforms.

She Made Her Mother-in-law a Friend

"I never want to see her again," cried an almost hysterical little wife, as her mother-in-law's taxi pulled away. Her husband, waving good-bye to his mother, was deeply disturbed for the thousandth time. He loved his mother dearly, and the tense little lady at his side he loved more than life itself. "How can I get them to love each other, if only for the sake of the children?"

He stopped at the convent one day and put this question to his former teacher. She promised prayers, advised him to say little, but pray much. That was five months ago.

Meanwhile, he was inducted and his next visit to the convent was to arrange school transfers for the children. He said his family would live with his mother for the duration. Turning to his former teacher, he beamed, "Oh, Sister, I didn't tell you. It is all O.K. now. My wife and my mother are the greatest of friends." And he told how it came about.

Both women were subscribers to the CATHOLIC DIGEST. In the very next issue after the hysterical flare-up, the magazine published an article entitled "Make Your Mother-in-law a Friend." It is a short, pithy article, packed with common sense and intelligent thinking. Both women read it. It opened their eyes, and healed their sore hearts.

The very next Sunday the mother-in-law phoned. "Sue," she said, "it's such a lovely day, I'd like to drive into the country. Want to go? Would your husband mind taking care of the children for the afternoon?"

Sue recognized instantly that her mother-in-law was quoting verbatim from the story in the DIGEST. She caught on at once that the invitation was an apology, a resolution, a bid for real friendship as woman to woman. And that was the beginning. Now they are "crazy about each other." Each made an honest attempt, as suggested in the article, really to know the other and each found the other a truly lovable person—which Jack knew all along.

Sister Mary Clare, S.N.D., in the *Cleveland Universe Bulletin* (14 April '44).